

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## A YEAR IN A BOER SCHOOL

*By FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL*



WHEN the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in March, 1902, paid Canada the delicate compliment of asking for some of her daughters to teach in the Burgher camps of South Africa, there was consternation in many a mother's heart. Could she allow her daughter to live for a year in one of those dreadful, unsanitary places abhorred of Miss Emily Hobhouse?—to spend hours in close contact with dirty little urchins speaking a foreign language—to brave the perils generally of life in South Africa; enteric, bubonic, Kaffir risings, perhaps, in a country then in the grip of war! And there stood her adventurous daughter accepted as one of forty Canadian teachers for Government service, and highly delighted at the fact. She laughed at all her mother's fears, and declared to friends who envied and those who prophesied evil things that she was more lucky than plucky in being able to go.

As events turned out I think the daughter was right, and that the trip was a great opportunity. At the end of the term of service not more than a quarter returned to Canada, most signing two and three-year agreements with the Transvaal Government. The latter was most liberal, and made our long journey as comfortable as one could wish. Incidentally, while in England, we were fêted on all sides, (in one instance taking tea at Kensington Palace with Princess Louise);

and once at work in South Africa the dreaded hardships failed to materialize. The Canadian girls were certainly in luck in this respect, for their English and Scotch sisters, who had preceded them by some months, found no bed of roses awaiting them, but rather one of packing-cases. They had to cope single-handed with classes of a hundred children, most of them quite ignorant of English. We late comers entered into the fruits of their labours, and could only wonder, praise and be



DUTCH GIRLS AS PROBATIONERS IN A CAMP HOSPITAL



A GROUP OF CANADIAN TEACHERS ON A STEAMER BOUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA

thankful we had not been of their party.

Yet we rather envied them when they told of their war-time experiences; of the train which had borne some to the "front" in February, 1902, and which had been fired at; of subsequent night alarms in camp, laughable, perhaps, in the morning light, but unpleasant for nervous people. Our experiences, interesting as they were, seemed tame after this; for we had come sauntering up the country in a first-class compartment of a goods train, on what was practically a five days' picnic. The Tommies in the blockhouses along the line cheered lustily that train-load of eager-eyed girls, the first Canadian women to invade the land, though on a more peaceful mission than that of their brothers.

At the distributing centre, Irene Camp, near Pretoria, the "Transvaal," or first contingent of twenty, was broken up into couples, and sent to

various large camps. There the girls found themselves representatives of the Empire, together with English, Scotch, South African or "Colonial," and native Dutch teachers to the number of fifteen or a score.

In some places the new comers found comfortable corrugated iron houses awaiting them, but my friend and I thought ourselves fortunate in having a taste of marquee life. We changed our minds when the same night a fearful windstorm made our tent pole totter, and knocked two school tents down. Marquee-life in a South African winter is rather trying, and picturesque hardly made up, we discovered, for the shivering toilet in the morning in ice-cold water, for the evenings spent in bed with hot-water bottle, reading by candle light—the only way to keep warm—and for the months of dust storms when we were coated with grime, which sifted over beds and tables and mingled with our food in the mess tent.



SATURDAY MORNING—CLEANING-UP DAY IN A BOER CAMP

It was most unpleasant, too, teaching in the school tents when a sudden dust-storm raged and blinded the patient little children at their slates.

When it rained it simply meant a holiday, for a South African deluge soon floods a veldt tent. But in spite of minor trials our lives were fairly happy. Day by day one knew that the glorious sunshine and cloudless blue sky would greet one on rising—that after one o'clock the hours till bedtime were our own, to do as we liked with, there being none of the drudgery of preparing work that so often falls to the lot of the Canadian teacher. For our amusement there were tennis and veldt hockey, with riding and driving for those who had friends to take them out. Amateur theatricals and music, with dancing and moonlight picnics, filled in the evenings very pleasantly. Not long after our coming we moved into the ugly, yet comfortable, tin and wood house, typical of South African architecture just after the war, when everything that was a shelter was considered a house for the time being. There were few restrictions, and we spent many jolly hours

in it, the life reminding many of college days. Chief among the merry-makers were the two Boer girls. And here I might say that, although in some of the camps where Boer teachers were employed there was some friction, there was never any heart-burning where I was, for matters political were never discussed in their hearing, and they themselves kept to a marked reserve on the subject of the war. While not trained teachers, the Boer women did good service in the earlier days of the camp, and I do not think, with a few exceptions, that they used their positions to give false views of English policy to the children, as some feared would be the case.

In very few cases were the children hostile. "Give me the little ones," said a high official of the education department, "and I will make South Africa British in one generation."

I have not the slightest doubt of the great good accomplished by the camp schools in furthering Imperialistic aims. To see, as I have seen, the dullness and apathy fade from the little faces, giving place to an eager, alert look, warming the cockles of a teacher's



A KAFFIR DRIVER—ON THE WAY TO A  
VELDT SCHOOL WITH THE NEC-  
CESSARY FURNITURE

heart—to widen their horizons immeasurably and to win their boundless, childish love, is to be glad indeed that we crossed two oceans and lived for months in a Burgher camp.

But no sooner had the efficiency of the organization in such schools asserted itself, than new troubles arose for the harassed officials of the department. The concentration camps month by month sent parents and children back to the veldt, and the educational authorities were left that autumn with a grave question to settle. The hold on the children gained during the war must be kept by some means. Before the Dutch could rally and re-establish their veldt schools the English must slip in and gain the ascendancy.

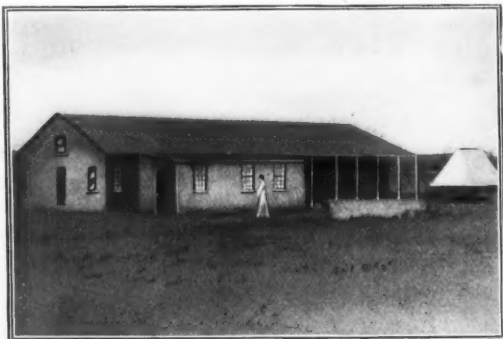
So the "Farm School" came into being. It was an expedient, and, therefore, should not be judged as a permanent scheme of things must needs be. It has many

failures to point to; but, on the whole, in my opinion, it has been successful in its object—that of keeping English what had been partly made so in the camps.

Yet the undertaking required much of the unfortunate teacher.

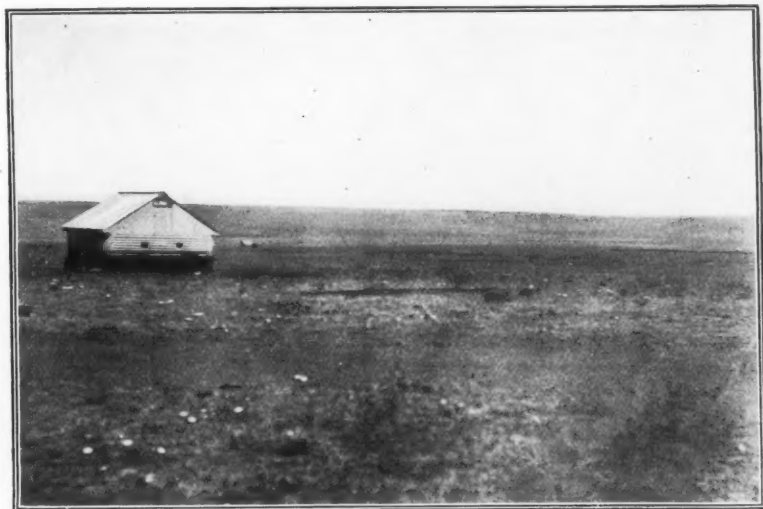
From the almost college-like life among girls of her own age, on the breaking up of the camps she was sent out into the veldt to act as a pioneer. If she were lucky she was sent with a friend; it might have been her deadliest foe, as far as the Government was concerned, which sent them hopefully forth, in Noah's Ark fashion, to eat and drink and live together in happiness or otherwise. The most ill-assorted couples resignedly got into Cape carts, and were taken by the mules from ten to thirty miles into the veldt. With them went their household and teaching equipment; three marquees, tin kitchen and a very good set of furniture and housekeeping gear. They received stores every month, and the South African Constabulary men (or "S.A.C.") brought fresh meat and letters once a week. The tents were pitched near a ruined farmhouse, being rebuilt by its former occupants, then living in a tent alongside. A Kaffir boy was supposed to do the rough work. With salaries of twenty pounds a month, what more could these fortunate teachers want?

After nearly a year's trial of the



HOUSE OF CORRUGATED IRON—TEACHERS' QUARTERS





A BLOCKHOUSE ON THE VELDT

scheme, I think the Government has decided that women, in most cases delicately brought up English girls, are not suited to a solitude *à deux* in the veldt, and they are gradually bringing them in to such towns as are becoming rebuilt and settled, and sending men to the more remote districts. Of course, these have to be more highly paid. No doubt the best plan of all would be the employment of a man and wife; the woman undertaking kindergarten work, and the man teaching the senior classes, which often consist of youths of eighteen and twenty. In the Transvaal, at any rate, the women teachers in the farm schools have had a very dull and hard time of it, and few consider that the money makes up for the isolation (though there will always be many ready to try it). A certain head-master expressed great surprise to me that Canadians should feel this in any way.

"I thought it was what you were used to, you know—roughing it on the prairies."

I may say here that the whole system of the new education in the Transvaal is modelled on Canadian lines,

with Lower Province men in high places. The Canadian teachers happily seem to have justified the good opinion formed previously of their system of teaching and, being adaptable, they appear to be generally liked personally. I doubt if Canada will get many of her daughters back, for they are given great inducements to remain.

In some cases, where the girls were within a reasonable distance of a town, and could receive visitors, the months on the veldt were not unhappy; they were treated with much kindness, as a general thing, by the Boers who seemed to highly appreciate the chances offered by their coming. They got education and books free, and in some cases they even asked to have night-schools established, so eager were they to learn English.

Of course things did not always run smoothly, and some districts held many bitter hearts; but, on the whole, the percentage of children attending school was large. In January, 1903, all but 8,000 of the school children of the Burgher camps had been reclaimed, and though I have no figures to show later returns, by this time there can

only be a few hundreds out of the fold, for the monthly gains were great, and new farm schools were constantly being established. This was the work of the District Headmasters, who reported to their Inspectors, who in turn were responsible to Government headquarters at Pretoria. The duties of a District head were various. Two or three days each week he had to "trek" into the veldt and look up promising centres for schools. When teachers were sent he had to take them out and settle them; perhaps turn to and help put up the tents and wrestle with the kitchen stove. He must see that each school had proper equipment of books; that tents blown down were at once put up; and every girl in the district had the privilege of writing to him all her complaints!

The fear of the tent falling made some nervous girls sit out on the veldt during a violent storm, and many found that the straining and flapping canvas gave them nights of sleeplessness and drove some to the verge of nervous prostration. There was the certainty of reptiles, though bravery often came with the occasion, and many a timid girl has killed her snake who in England would have screamed at a mouse.

However, the days of tent life are about done, for after it came the canvas house, a decided improvement. This consisted of two floored rooms of good size, with waterproof walls and roof. Though ugly enough in its box-like appearance, it was really very comfortable. Whenever a school has fifty pupils, houses of wood and tin are shortly to be erected. The veldt-school may in time become a large boarding-school with several teachers in residence; children within a certain radius, who could not otherwise be pupils, will be expected to attend, and will get free tuition and rations. The Transvaal Government is pursuing a very broad and generous policy, and one can only hope that future years will justify it. Only—the Boers are not noted for their gratitude, and what comes easily is

not apt to be very highly appreciated.

But the Boer children at least will be tenfold happier. In spite of their lack of truthfulness and sense of honour they are very lovable children. Politeness seems to be instinctive in their hearts. Their submissiveness, docility and lack of mischief make the teacher's morning an ideal one, for seldom is it necessary to resort to even the mildest punishments (though in the town schools, under poor Dutch discipline, in some cases they are rough and unruly, I am told). But this does not mean that the Boer boy lacks spirit. Naturally enough the war has given all his thoughts a martial tinge, and the son of a "bluid-hound" or "hands-upper" (as a National Scout is scornfully termed) has often to knock his reviler down if life would be tolerable. Or let a small pupil tell it in his own words in a letter to his teacher:

"Jongens (boys) they fight very much in the camp. Fiercest (first) they ask if you are funkey. Say you are funkey and they will not fight with you. If you are not funkey they fight, and who wins they will pick him up and shout 'Hip, hip hurrah!'"

Notice the combination of English and Dutch—the children were proud of their learning, and in their games they used a hybrid dialect that was sometimes very amusing.

Dutch children are light-hearted, good-tempered and easily moved to laughter. The motion songs of the kindergarten please them immensely; they copy the teacher's accent and inflection exactly. So fond of learning were they (probably owing in part to the novelty) that they actually disliked holidays in the camp schools. But not all liked the camp itself. The writer of this note was a thorough boy in that he suffered from the pangs of hunger "presently after dinner":

"In this old camp we just get a little food that a person can nearly die from hungry. On our farms we were eating just as much as we lik. I don't know what for they caught us."

The children showed in their letters the great homesickness that possess-



WASHING AT ROOIKOP FARM—A TYPICAL BIT OF SOUTH AFRICAN FARM SCENERY IN ITS PRETTIEST ASPECT. ENGLISH TEACHER IN "KAPJA"

ed them: "I am longing very much to the farm. And the English did come us and my brither is far away. I wis let him come to me, I wis this wor is over."

Some tell the story of their enforced journey to the camp in simple phrases that touch the heart. It is pathetic to note the feeling of captivity. They seem to have thought they were caught like a caged bird.

The following are extracts from letters: "Now I am going to tell you how we came in the camp. One day we siting in the house and there came the Kakies to catch us. It was a very hard day to go from our dear old house. We have run away the day the Kakies catches us. My mought was so dry that I can't eat."

"In Bethlehem there was a big fiting with cannon and guns and the boars have run away and the Englishman take us and bring us here seven months. And the English can run fast, and are live now in Boarland, and when the Englishman going they burn houses and catch the people and bring it in camp. And at the farm if we is sick

we stay in our homes, but here if we sick we goes to the hospital, and there we died all."

The last three words—are they not pitiful in their calm statement of tragedy? The Boers, superstitious, credulous and ignorant, believe that to be ordered to a hospital is the same as receiving sentence of death. But for a time the awful mortality in the camps must have given anyone the same idea.

That some mothers welcomed the teachers of English is shown by the following naive letter of her small son: "My home is just on a big hill. Its name is Hill Cottage. In duch it is Bultwoning. My mother is a half of an English girl. She don't want to say the duch name of the house. When we say it she said often 'if you say it again I will give you a whip.' So we don't use the name, we say Hill Cottage."

The last letter in the budget is characteristic of the Boer child in its expression of affection: "I can't tell you how sorry I am you are going away. The news is very scarcely. I must close with my pencil but not with my heart."



AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES WE BUY," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BEATTY

**A** DRIZZLING, dreary June day, nowhere more dull and dreary than in the Liverpool docks, that border country between sea and land, with all the drawbacks and none of the advantages of either.

At the Alexandra dock there was the stir and movement that marks a departing steamer. A few cabs and a white London and North-Western bus were drawn up, luggage laden, under the shed. Passengers squabbled with porters over their packages, clerks ran about with important-looking papers, women stumbled against planks and coils of rope and persistently took the wrong direction.

On the wet decks of the vessel the same signs were visible. Groups of people stood about, keeping up the forced smiles and galvanic cheerfulness characteristic of such moments. A half-dozen fresh-looking emigrant girls, going out intermediate, clustered around the matron they were leaving, had already wept until their eyes were red and their handkerchiefs turned into damp balls, though some of the younger were occasionally taking peeps into the paper bags of sweets which had been given to them for consolation. From the main deck arose a babel of many tongues; German, Swedish, Russian and Irish brogue coming mingled from the throng of emigrants.

All this was but a miniature reproduction of the scenes that take place on the sailing of the aristocrats of the sea, the great New York greyhounds, for the good steamship *Huron*, now ready to start in half an hour, was merely a rather old and slow boat of one of the Montreal lines.

Leaning against the railings that ended the saloon deck, just at the point of vantage to command the whole scene, two young men stood, taking in everything; one with a novice's fresh interest, the other with the matter of course air of an old traveller.

If any of the ship's officers or stewards had taken time to glance at the two, which they did not, they would have summarily classed them as "bound for the North-West," for the type of young Englishmen to whom an economical passage is a necessity, was a familiar one on board the *Huron*.

The moneyed magnates of Montreal and Toronto, who are wont to crowd into one or two favourite fast boats, were generally unknown to the *Huron*, where the "society" group around the captain's seat at table was apt to consist of English travellers who had not learned to discriminate between a fashionable and an unfashionable ship, the usual spring crop of English lads starting for the North-West, and a sprinkling of the plainer sort of Canadians, grim old Scotch tradesmen returning

from their yearly business trips with wives and daughters of more or less degrees of refinement.

The two young men did not appear enthusiastic over the prospects of the voyage. "A scratch lot, I must say," growled the younger of the two, Bob Agnew by name. "It seems beastly hard lines that we can't have some nice girls to talk to, when it's the last chance we'll have for many a day. At least, I suppose there are not many feminine charms to be found round the ranch?"

"Not many, unless you count Mrs. MacGlochan," and his cousin chuckled at the thought—"but all the same," he went on, "I wouldn't despair too soon. One always thinks it's a hopeless lot at starting, but the decent people turn up some time or other. I don't know how it is they always manage to hide themselves at first. That young parson down there among the emigrants doesn't look a bad sort. Do you suppose he is coming?"

"Yes, his stateroom is opposite ours, and I heard him being introduced to the captain just now. He is going out as chaplain to the emigrants. Heard him say he is taking the voyage for his health."

"Looks run down," Edward Coppinger commented absently.

"By Jove, look there, on the gangway! You can't grumble now," with a sudden change in his voice, a change continued in his companion's face as he looked and beheld. Crossing the gangway in a leisurely, assured fashion, came a woman, young, tall, clad in the severest and most correct of cloth travelling dresses. The veil over her face was so heavily figured in black lace that the two intent spectators could not get the vaguest of ideas as to what charms it concealed, but there was enough material in the masses of pale yellow hair showing underneath her broad-brimmed hat, and in the perfect curves of the slim figure, to cause Bob Agnew to remark with calm certainty, "Here comes the '*jeune première*' of the voyage! And who's the fellow behind, I wonder?"

"The fellow behind" was a middle-aged, good-looking man, of type and bearing distinctly military. In his hand he carried a small alligator-skin bag mounted in silver, and over his arm hung the heavy folds of a dark blue, fur-lined cloak. Even to the two pairs of masculine eyes the beauty and costliness of these belongings were apparent, though the thoughts of the two were more bent on the man than on his burden.

"He's her husband, I expect," said Coppinger in accents decidedly depressed.

"Looks more like her father," answered the other, always inclined to take an optimistic view of things. "Now, by all the powers that be, young woman," he added in a low voice, "put up that aggravating veil, and let us have a look at you. If you only knew it we are your destined henchmen for the next ten days."

Unconscious of the solemn adjuration, the girl came slowly through the crowd and confusion of the main deck, and up the steps by which they stood. If only she might stumble and require a helping hand! But no, silently followed by her companion, she passed them, and without turning to the right or left, vanished inside the companionway door. Coppinger looked over his shoulder and chuckled in his dry little fashion. "The parson is as struck all of a heap as you are, Bob, my boy," he said. "Look at him gaping over there on the bench."

## CHAPTER II

THE bell rang, and a stream set shorewards of weeping relatives and friends, a stream which left the decks wonderfully quiet and bare. Women waved handkerchiefs from the wharf; the great hawsers strained; the machinery uttered its faint throb; the *Huron* had started on her westward way. Even as she passed the dock gates, it seemed already strange to see the hurrying passers-by delayed by the lifting of the bridge; the bustle and



turmoil of life on shore was suspended, the calm of the sea had begun.

The two young men strolled the deck, watching the low shores of the Mersey, the bustling ferry boats, the passing ships, and yet keeping a keen lookout for the re-appearance of the veiled lady, who had not come up from below to see the last of her companion as he made his way shorewards.

"She's alone," Bob Agnew had cheerfully remarked as they watched him, "and will require the usual amount of rug-arranging and chair-moving. Now, Neddy, my son, remember Angelina at home and give me my fair share of those pleasing duties."

Coppinger smiled with the happy fatuity of the newly engaged man, and became lost in reminiscences of the parting interview, while his fancy-free cousin meditated over the solving of the problem of the mysterious fair one, at dinner-time. Before that approaching hour, however, those two eminently sociable individuals had already made friends with the Rev. John Hamilton, the thinnest and most cadaverous of young parsons, whose face was wrinkled and lined like that of an old man, though made attractive by the kindly smile that lurked around the eyes and mouth. Being men of about the same age, mutual friends at schools and colleges were soon discovered, and before the steamer had churned her way much beyond the muddy waters of the bar, they had fairly started on that stream of sea talk, which almost always becomes, sooner or later, so strangely confidential. Not having the daily newspaper to discuss, it seems as though people are under some obligation to reveal their past history to their intimate of the hour. Therefore, the Rev. John Hamilton told them how his health having suffered from the work of a curacy in a northern manufacturing town, he had taken this trip as S.P.G. Emigrant Chaplain for rest and change.

Being a conscientious soul, his thoughts seemed much burdened with the charge that he had undertaken.

He had been on board for two or three hours, and had made friends with a party of boys from an orphanage who were under his charge, and had cheered up their spirits in the forlornness of the start.

He had already fallen under the spell of the North-West, that curiosity which seizes on anyone who, crossing in these outward-bound Canadian steamers, sees all the young life and energy turning from the old land towards those dark northern regions.

In those regions Coppinger was an old inhabitant, having been over on a short visit to England, and he was as ready as most of his kind to sing the praises of his new home, so that the talk soon echoed with such words as Calgary, Winnipeg, the C.P.R., Rossland and the Klondike. But the watery-looking sun sank lower, the river banks widened, and the dinner bell rang, a summons promptly responded to by most.

On either side of the captain sat Miss MacNab, a mature, over-dressed young woman, and her father, Scotch Ontario people. Next to Miss MacNab came Bob Agnew and his friend, and opposite them, with an empty seat between him and Mr. MacNab, was Mr. Hamilton.

This empty seat was the object of Bob Agnew's keenest interest; but the soup had been served and the captain had already remarked, "Seems as though one of our ladies were ill already," before the tall girl they had watched come aboard, glided past the stewards and slipped into the vacant place.

And the face on which so much speculation had been bestowed? It proved to be a very lovely one, with delicate regular features and faultless oval. Pale though, with the pallor as of recent illness, and with an appealing sadness in the big blue eyes, and around the lines of the sensitive mouth. The yellow hair was combed back in waves from the low forehead. The severity of the dark green cloth bodice seemed to throw the pale colouring of face and hair into stronger relief. Al-





WILLIAM BEATTY.

"Silently followed by her companion, she passed them, and without turning to the right or left, vanished inside the companionway door"

together, here was a woman who would have attracted attention in any company, and Agnew felt that he was not disappointed in his expectations.

There was a distinct sensation around the table. Miss MacNab, conscious of her red silk blouse, looked across critically at the newcomer's plain attire; the captain bowed, the two young men opposite sat ready for the first chance of making acquaintance.

But it was the church that had the first innings, for Miss MacNab, turning with an engaging smile to Hamilton,

said, "I think we saw you at the Lime Street Hotel this morning. We caught sight of the *Huron* labels on your luggage, and, of course, that aroused our curiosity."

By the time that he had responded to this overture and got his attention clear again, Mr. Hamilton was embarked on the inanities of an opening conversation with the newcomer, and Agnew was forced to take the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table in listening to the remarks exchanged upon the weather, the prospects for

the voyage and such like for some little time before his persistently amiable and conversational bearing won him an including glance from the blue eyes, and even, before dessert had come, a little talk of the same species to his own share.

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## CHAPTER III

THE first morning out was a fine Saturday, with the sea too still to allow even the lady passengers an excuse for illness.

There were great spyings through glasses, and discussions of half-forgotten geographical facts, as the *Huron* coasted the desolate cliffs of the north of Ireland.

Bob Agnew was in a state of placid self-content. He had by promptness secured the privilege of arranging for Miss Dumeric (for such turned out to be the name of the yellow-haired girl) a chair and rug, and had been rewarded by enough of a smile to feel at liberty to pull up a camp-stool and to start a little conversation.

He hoped that Miss Dumeric was a good sailor. "Yes, she was fortunate enough to be so, although she had never been tried by a very rough passage." "Perhaps she had crossed often?" "Well, it was getting to be a good many times, for she might say that she had two homes, one with her brother in Canada, the other with that dear, good, kind uncle who had brought her on board. Had Mr. Agnew seen him?" "Yes, Bob had seen him. An old soldier, was he not?" "A colonel on half-pay. He had married her aunt when he was a young man stationed out in Canada." "Did Canada seem more home-like to her than England?" "Yes, she thought it did. She had been a child there, and her mother was there, and she loved the Canadian sunshine. England was so dark and gloomy."

This was a view which suited the youth, whose thoughts were all turned towards a future in the new world, and he listened in a state of supreme content while the sweet voice babbled

on about her childhood in the old French homestead within a few hours of Quebec, where she had played in the woods and reared her pets—pets which would welcome her next week. "My family of squirrels are six now, but, alas! my dear old Jacco, the grandfather of the tribe, died last month."

All this was very pleasant, and Agnew, as he basked in the morning sunshine, felt that the sea-voyage was quite coming up to his expectations. But, alas! his content was short-lived, for the Captain, strolling past at that moment, said, "I'll show you that chart now, Mr. Agnew, if you like."

It would be a bold man who would tell a Captain on his own deck that he would come presently, so with as cheerful a smile as he could assume, the youth followed the Captain into the chart-room, only to find on emerging a quarter of an hour later, that the parson was in possession of the camp-stool, and, apparently, of the attention of the young woman as well. With gloom in his soul, and yet trying to whistle philosophically, Agnew strolled off to search for Coppinger and to make enquiries as to the starting of a sweepstake for the day's run.

The Rev. John Hamilton was a man who took himself and his profession very seriously, and he intended to put all his energies into his ten days' chaplaincy. He had been spending the time since breakfast down in the steerage, making friends, listening to jerkily told life-histories, whose bald sentences contained the hint of romance or tragedy.

He had come on deck now, his mind full of the arrangements for the Sunday's services, services which, in their necessary amateurishness, seemed rather formidable to his ultra-professional spirit.

A Canadian or an Englishman accustomed to Canada would have at once have associated Miss Dumeric's French-sounding name and her Quebec destination with the Roman Catholic Church, but Mr. Hamilton, who could hardly remember ever to have exchanged a remark with a Catholic that

was not a workingman or woman, had the untravelled fashion of putting down all those whom he encountered on the plane of equality, as belonging, perforce, to the Anglican creed. Thus, when inwardly debating on the material available for an organist and choir, his thoughts turned first towards Miss Dumeric, and he addressed her with his usual simple directness.

"I hope you may be able to help me with the music to-morrow?"

The girl started and flushed nervously.

"To-morrow?" she repeated in rather a confused fashion. "Oh, it is Sunday! I forgot for a moment. And you are going to have service?"

"Of course," Mr. Hamilton said somewhat severely. He was disappointed by her manner. "I thought that perhaps you might have helped me at the piano," he added.

Whatever had been its cause, her momentary embarrassment was over, and Miss Dumeric looked at him with a pleasant friendliness in her eyes as she said gently: "I would like to help you, and I think that I could manage it. I sometimes play the organ in the village church at home."

The Rev. John's face expanded in a cordial smile. It rejoiced his heart to find that this young woman, with the soft eyes and voice, was of the ecclesiastical type.

"That's right," he said heartily. "I think that I have discovered some material for a choir in the intermediate. One young fellow has quite a remarkable tenor voice. We could get them together this afternoon and have a practice."

The prospect seemed to bring back Miss Dumeric's nervousness, for she flushed again and then grew paler than usual, though saying with the same acquiescence as before, "Very well, I will be ready whenever it suits you."

And later in the day, in the long, social hours of the afternoon, which can be turned to such pleasant use at sea, Bob Agnew had the disappointment of only finding an empty chair on deck, and when he went to explore, the more

harrowing sight met him in the music-room of Miss Dumeric installed at the piano and Mr. Hamilton fluttering around her in utter absorption.

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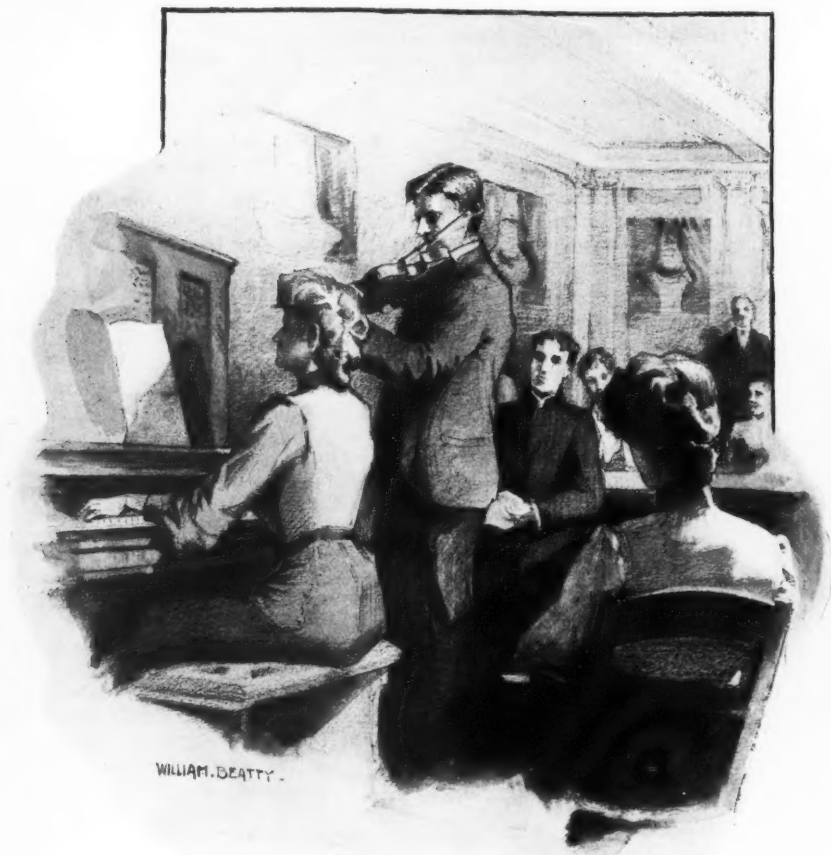
#### CHAPTER IV

SUNDAY passed, and helped to shake down the *Huron* passengers into their respective places. The parson was a favourite, there was no doubt about that. A favourite with the emigrants who liked his hearty, sympathetic ways; a favourite with the Captain, whose religious corns (all captains have religious corns) he avoided treading on; and a favourite with Miss Dumeric. Well yes, it certainly looked like it, judging by the time they spent together over their musical preparations, and the interest that the girl showed in helping him. His service was a success. The intermediate and the superior English class in the steerage crowded into the saloon for it; the Captain took the seat of honour in his best coat. Miss Dumeric led the choir with her clear though not strong voice. It was much above the average of ship's choirs, chiefly through the efforts of a young man from the intermediate, a slim, undersized youth with an unusually good tenor voice. Agnew found himself watching the keen glances with which this young fellow took in everything, especially Miss Dumeric's appearance. "Confound his impudence," he thought, "that last time we were standing up, it almost seemed as though he were trying to catch her eyes in the glass. I believe in keeping the intermediate in the intermediate, and not mixing them up with ladies."

The Rev. John preached a short, earnest sermon, and everyone was loud in praise of it; everyone save Agnew, who seizing on his confidant Coppinger, dragged him into a quiet corner and demanded with an air of tragic gloom:

"Did you see that silver cross?"

"Silver cross?" said Coppinger in a dazed fashion. He had just been



"She took her place at the piano to accompany the violinist"

aroused from the beginning of a slumber on the smoking-room sofa.

"Yes, silver cross. She didn't have it on yesterday."

Coppinger was now wide enough awake to know that "she" on board the *Huron* meant Miss Dumeric, so he tried to look both knowing and sympathetic as he answered:

"I think that I *did* see it at breakfast. It's a sign of the way the wind is blowing, Bobbie."

"Bobbie" responded to this with a groan of portentous gloom. "It's

all up with being the 'first and only,' so let's drink to a good second in a John Collins, my son," guiding his cousin's footsteps in the direction of the smoking-room. And a very good second he managed to make in the days that followed—days of the usual north Atlantic chill and gloom, culminating in the fog and bitter cold of the ice regions—regions where the Captain's conversation was brief, and his replies were absent, where the passengers excited themselves over bergs as they showed dull through fog, or

glittered white and green in the cold sunshine.

Although it was evident that Mr. Hamilton was Miss Dumeric's favourite companion on a deck walk or in the sheltered corner where her chair was fastened on rough days, still Agnew resigned himself to fate and cheerfully took what he could get. He must talk to someone, and even Miss Dumeric's second best conversation was better than Miss MacNab's honeyed blandishments, so he enjoyed many a half-hour of that young woman's smiles, while the parson was busy amongst his steerage flock, when he would beguile her to the piano to sing little French-Canadian songs.

Towards this universal charmer, Coppinger, in his quiet way, preserved a somewhat cynical attitude. "Whatever does she find to talk to you about?" he asked one day, and Agnew pondered a bit before answering. "Well, I don't know. I think, perhaps, I do a good deal of the talking. She listens and smiles, you know."

"Oh, I see. You do something like the parson whom I heard explaining the history of Arianism to her the other day. Do you talk about Arianism to her, Bob?"

"Don't be a fool! Well, I suppose we talk about shooting and fishing and all those kind of sensible things. There's no nonsense about her. She was awfully interested yesterday when I was telling her about last summer in Norway."

"I see," Coppinger repeated. "Well, it takes a clever woman to listen," with which oracular remark, he strolled off.

#### CHAPTER V

THE fog and gloom had lifted, both from the sea and from the Captain's face. The great Atlantic surges rolled clear blue green in the sunshine. Land lay in a grey streak in the north-west; the decks were dry. The happy period of "in the Gulf" had begun, and each and all, from the highest to the lowest, rejoiced in it.

The concert, without which the voyage is stamped as a failure, was now fixed to take place, and although, according to ship's custom, the doctor, a cheery, cheeky young Irishman was the official organizer, still both Mr. Hamilton and Agnew lent efficient aid.

It was Agnew who persuaded Miss MacNab to sing "Marguerite" embellished by her Scotch accent, but it was Hamilton who organized a part song among his intermediate friends. Indeed, the intermediate came out strong in the musical line, for the sallow youth with the tenor voice turned out to be a violinist as well, and was had into the saloon and tried over various things with Miss Dumeric before they settled on Gounod's "Ave Marie." This did not over-much please Agnew, who, ordinarily the most affable of youths, still entertained the most unreasoning dislike for the violinist; but he was propitiated by having the accompaniment to a most sentimental song played by Miss Dumeric. And so, for two or three days, the concert was the principal topic on deck and at table. The piano was incessantly going. The doctor and Agnew prowled about interviewing people with lists in their hands.

The evening had come, the saloon was at its trimmest and brightest with the English and American flags hung over the piano. Most of the ladies had attempted some elaboration of their sea toilettes, but Miss Dumeric showed no change in her plain dark green dress, with the shabby little silver cross dangling at her watch chain.

"How quiet and still she is," thought Agnew, as she took her place at the piano to accompany the violinist. "How far removed she seems from us all. It is as though her thoughts came back from somewhere when we speak to her—I wonder—" What he wondered he scarcely knew, but just then he started with such a vigorous imprecation that Coppinger nudged him warningly. Had his eyes deceived him, or had the violinist, in handing her a piece of music, touched her hand with a quick, peculiar ges-



ture that could scarcely be accidental?

"Whatever was wrong that you made such a mess of that song of yours?" Coppinger asked him afterwards with the frankness of friendship, and Agnew answered, truthfully or not, that "he didn't know." He had heard through a haze of troubled feeling the rest of the concert—the Captain's comic reading, Miss MacNab's song "Marguerite," and then, sad and sweet, rose Miss Dumeric's voice in a pathetic little German ballad. He did not know what there was in that voice that almost brought the tears to his eyes, but the undertone of woe in its sweetness seemed to affect others, for there was a momentary pause before the storm of applause broke out; and Mr. Hamilton, standing beside the piano, showed in his face more plainly than ever, his utter and complete infatuation with the singer.

The concert was over, the half-crowns and shillings were heaped in the plated dessert dishes for the benefit of that omnivorous institution, the Liverpool Seaman's Orphanage, and sitting over the usual indigestible sea supper, the great event was discussed in all its bearings. All the accustomed group was round the Captain's corner, even Miss Dumeric having been persuaded to break through her habit of retreating before supper time.

The Captain pronounced his dictum. "The honours of the evening lie between Miss Dumeric," with a courtly bow in her direction, "and our friend from the intermediate—what is his name?"

"The very non-committal one of Jackson," said Coppinger, consulting the programme, while Agnew, sitting opposite, watched Miss Dumeric with an intentness for which he could scarcely have given a reason.

The girl sat listening with her usual stillness, one hand playing with a quaintly worked silver smelling-bottle that lay on the table before her.

"He seems a very superior young fellow," said the Rev. John, with his usual optimism. "I have had several talks with him, and have taken a great liking to him. He is going out to a

brother in New Brunswick. Hopes to give lessons on the violin."

"One could tell that he was a musician by his hands," said the Captain. "I was watching his fingers as he played—long thin fingers that could do anything with a fiddle."

"Or with a lock," put in Coppinger. "I was staying with a cousin, the chaplain of a prison, last month, and he introduced me to one of his show characters—the man who stole the Countess of Perth's jewels. He had just such hands as our friend, Mr. Jackson."

To Agnew's watching, the hands that trifled with the smelling-bottle closed sharply around it, but the blue eyes remained fixed on Coppinger with their same vague wistfulness.

"Talking about jewel robberies," put in Agnew, "did you see the account of another big one in the papers the morning we sailed?"

"No, what was it?" asked the Captain with interest.

"It was an awfully clever affair—Lady Aster's famous diamonds, tiara and necklace, and a lot of smaller things, vanished off her dressing table, when she had only just left her room to speak to some one, and her maid was in the next room. They say there wasn't a clue—"

"Why, I thought that a footman had disappeared," Coppinger said, but the talk was interrupted by Miss Dumeric's smelling-bottle slipping from her grasp and, with a gentle roll of the ship, falling to the floor, spilling its contents.

"Oh, my poor dear coreopsis! That is the very last of it," she exclaimed with more animation than usual.

The general groping that ensued resulted in Mr. Hamilton triumphantly securing the prize. As he placed it in her hands, he said in a low tone:

"Thanks so much for this night's pleasure, but I fear that it has overtired you," for he saw by the electric light overhead that her face was wan and haggard.

"Oh, no, good-night," was all she answered, and was gone.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH



## A SEARCH FOR AN IDEAL

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN



HE nineteenth century seems to have brought us to the edge of a precipice, and to have left us there gazing wistfully into outer space.

That rather smug era led us to believe that we stood on a *terra firma* whence, as from a *ποῦ στῶ*, we might bridge any chasm that presented. It was a scientific century, and—so it seems to us now—rather a myopic one. Given matter and motion; given a collection of atoms and a law of evolution; given so many nebulae or so much meteoritic dust, and a few by-laws such as correlation of forces or the conservation of energy—and it constructed you a cosmos. The archetypical thinker of that century was perhaps Herbert Spencer—peace to his *manes*, he who based a sort of philosophy on a sort of science and summed up the universe in a single, if a somewhat cumbersome, sentence—“a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations”—a sentence which led an acute philosophical historian with a subtle but engaging irony to remark that “the universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the cerebation of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account of itself.”\*

But things have changed since Spencer's day. Materialism, we begin to think (Ernst Haeckel *contra*), does not explain everything. The *terra firma* is not as solid as it looked, and we see before us a *terra incognita* without any foothold from which to bridge what appears to be an unconscionable length of span. Where once we talked glibly of material atoms as if they were tangible, visible, ponderable Things-in-Themselves, we now flounder first

among vortex rings, then among ions and electrons. Even “motion” and “force” begin to be suspected. If motions are changes in space occurring in periods of time; and if space and time are but modes of thought, it is difficult, in a material world, to know where we stand. So “force,” they now tell us, is a figment of the mind, a mental subterfuge by which to explain sequences of phenomena. To evolution we have clung long—and perhaps rightly; it is, at all events, a moving rule. But what it is, what set it agoing, whereto it leads, no one knows. Nor are these upheavals confined to Science. Theology has felt them. The Higher Criticism has led us to a moral as well as a theological precipice. For if the sanction for virtue is not a divinely revealed one, what is it? To change the venue from a future life to a future generation—as the Positivists do, and as “The Data of Ethics” virtually does—is to put the plaintiff out of court. Witness, too, as evidences of the swing of the pendulum of thought, the rise and growth of such tendencies as Spiritualism, Mysticism, Esoteric Buddhism, Telepathy, Theosophy, Christian Science, and what not. Not even Mathematics have escaped. Once we were content to jog along on the comfortable, flat and circumscribed plane of Euclid, or to disport ourselves at our ease within the confines of the three Cartesian axes; now even popular lecturers begin to talk seriously of hyper-space, and of the possibilities of an *n*-dimensional and time-less world, compared to which Alice's Wonderland would be commonplace and tame. Nor has philosophy gone unscathed. Who talks of philosophy now-a-days? The talk is all of experimental psychology. The political upheaval is patent. Authority has passed slowly but steadily from monarchy to oligarchy; from

\* Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. xli, p. 349.

oligarchy it is passing to polyarchy—to judge from the daily-increasing influence of labour-unions. How the many-headed are to come to a decision—the necessary *præ* of action—that is the present political puzzle. The social revolution is as patent as the political, as the rise of a “smart set,” restive under aristocratic restraints, proves. And so is the economical, else we should not have had Mr. Chamberlain’s fiscal scheme. Yes; things have changed.

There is a very eminent Canadian, now living in England, who has been standing at the edge of this precipice and gazing wistfully into outer space for a long time. But he has done more than gaze. With the practical persistence which his Scottish ancestry infused into his veins, he has deliberately tried to erect a philosophico-ethical cantilever bridge—a thing which can be built out into space. Dr. John Beattie Crozier’s “My Inner Life”\* is the most typical book of the age: of an age that finds no anchorage in materialism, yet is afraid to drift; an age which feels that the nineteenth century solution of the world-problem was inadequate, yet that it is too far removed from the solutions offered by the eighteenth century to derive much comfort from them; an age which sees that it must find a solution for itself, but has no data for the task, and as yet can do little more than stand shivering timorously at the brink.

Dr. Crozier, some one has said, ought to write a novel. It was a strange assertion. As well suggest that Carlyle should have written a novel. But if the suggestion means that Dr. Crozier has in this story of his life shown those gifts of vivid narrative and intense human interest, together with the faculty of portraying character and of enveloping the minutest incidents

with a halo of romance, which are supposedly the necessary qualifications of a novelist, well and good. Yet some of us non-novel reading public are only too glad to get a book in which these gifts appear and yet is not a novel—Why, in the name of Literature, a novel?

But there is a yet deeper significance in the suggestion. “My Inner Life” is a faithful and detailed biography, the history of a strong yet sensitive soul in search of an ideal. The strong yet sensitive soul deliberately waived worldly advancement in order to find for himself some foothold by which, while reaching up to and grasping the things which are not of this world, he might thereby find an unworldly and idealistic motive and sanction for practical action in the world. It is difficult to say to whom this book would not appeal. The style is simple; its reasoning pellucid. As a picture of Canadian life it is *præ*-Raphaelesque in its faithfulness to detail. As a narrative of personal struggle it is fascinating as fiction. Yet it is deeply philosophical, and an atmosphere of profound, of pathetic candour envelops the whole.

To epitomize a biography is impossible. Whether to paraphrase a philosophy be less impossible I doubt—though I do not forget Ueberweg, Tennemann, Lewes, and Schwegler. I must perforce, therefore, leave to those of my readers who know not Crozier to learn for themselves from his own lips how he fought his way through the various schools of metaphysics, dissatisfied as he was with each and all, till he arrived at what he called “the Ideal which he had lost and of which he had been so long in search; had found it in the Mind, where neither the Psychologists nor the Physical Scientists could find it.” Suffice it to say that he tried to build his cantilever without the aid of any theological abutments; averred that “much that cannot be known by Science must nevertheless be believed,” (and this on grounds far different from those of Newman’s “illative sense”—which,

\* My Inner Life: Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By John Beattie Crozier, author of History of Intellectual Development; Civilization and Progress, etc., etc. London. Longmans, Green and Co. 1898. Cl. 8vo. Pp. xix, 562. Fourteen shillings.

in another work he takes occasion to repudiate); declared that Evil was not "an absolute essence;" and finally found in "the largest Tendencies or Laws of the World and the Human Mind . . . the existence and progressive realization of the Ideal," and this "to his own satisfaction, and he trusts it may prove to that of others."

How many of us to-day, having made jettison of Science (*videlicet* Reason) over the starboard, and of Religion (*videlicet* Faith) over the port, have arrived at any self-satisfying ideal? The majority of us, like S. Paul, having cast four anchors out of the stern, wait for day. Not so Dr. Crozier. The inadequacy of Science deters him as little as the impotence of Religion. He firmly believes that "if the question was to prove that the world had in it an Ideal towards which it was steadily working, the means of demonstrating its existence to those who doubt it ought to be accessible to the natural human faculties." What courage, what hope shines out in that belief! A courage and a hope derived, as he earnestly reiterates, from "the Laws of the Mind" itself, that mind which, we all of us must believe, has some supernal source, and unconsciously looks up to Him who made it.

The importance which Dr. Crozier attaches to this his discovery of an "Ideal in the mind" is not small. "When I came on this Ideal in the mind," he says, "I felt I had struck on a vein of purest gold." And it is this Ideal that he utilizes as his organon for exposition, elucidation and interpretation not only in his "Civilization and Progress," but in his "History of Intellectual Development" also. "There must be," he says, ". . . some dynamical and active force at work somewhere in society to cause . . . advance, . . . and when we ask what this dynamical power is . . . the answer will be found in that same Ideal in the mind of man." Yet what this Ideal actually and definitively is it is not easy to say.

It is "something in the mind that is not a faculty or organ of the mind;" it "abides as an unchanging standard;" it is "primarily the representative in the mind of the Divine" (*sic*: he means it is the representative of the Divine in the [human] mind); and it is to be found only "in the laws of the human mind as a concrete whole." I think it probable that, collating, as it were, all Crozier's various modes of explaining his organon, what he means is that we may derive, not only comfort for ourselves, but faith in the progress of humanity, from the very nature and constitution of the mind;—for he believes that "things are slowly, but surely, ascending towards the heights where the Ideal reigns—towards Justice, Beauty, Goodness and Truth." What these mental "laws" are he finds great difficulty in formulating—and very naturally, despite his strenuous endeavour to be always philosophically and verbally accurate. If I am right in this conjecture there is, it seems to me, a very close correspondence between Dr. Crozier's philosophical, and Tennyson's poetical, confession of faith. Into the mouth of the Ancient Sage Tennyson puts these words:—

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt  
dive  
Into the temple-cave of thine own self,  
There, brooding by the central altar, thou  
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,  
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,  
As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know.

Of the novelty of this organon, of its efficacy as an architectonic faculty of the mind, or of its claim to a philosophical status, I do not undertake to speak here; nor am I prepared to say whether its discovery of necessity required the long and intricate ratiocinative apparatus here laid bare for us.

A pathetic interest attaches to the publication of "My Inner Life." It is intended to "give some sort of unity" to the author's as yet unfinished "History of Intellectual Development," a threatened failure of eye-sight, making him fearful of his ability to bring

this to a conclusion. The theme of this Dr. Crozier's life-work is identical with that of Hegel's "Philosophy of History." It is interesting to compare the methods and conclusions of the sturdy, practical Scot with those of the speculative, abstract German. Between them they describe what in mathematics is called a meniscus: Crozier travelling along the arc of a small and concrete circle whose centre is the individual mind; Hegel along that of a large and abstract circle whose centre is the eternal Spirit. The circles overlap; the arcs intersect: Hegel finds the goal of human history in "the development and realization of Spirit;" Crozier in "the widest range of individuality."

Dr. Crozier has his limitations. An eminent Scots philosopher once jocosely informed me that the excellence of Scottish philosophy was due to the fact that youthful Scots philosophers had to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Shorter Catechism. Not a little of Dr. Crozier's metaphysics reminds one of the Shorter Catechism. It is precise to the verge of pragmatism. It enumerates, as basis of belief, six postulates which, in their entirety, or perhaps even severally, would hardly gain universal assent. It attempts to reduce the deepest and the loftiest conceptions within the limits of an exact verbal definition—as the Shorter Catechism complacently defines the Deity and the Deity's ways and means. He will not be satisfied with anything that does not explain for

him the world-problem as a whole; and he would like it explained, if possible, in a pamphlet of twenty pages. (He so explained it himself once, but no editor would accept it: whereat he was surprised). He seeks a single key by which to turn the ontological, cosmogonical, physiological, psychological, epistemological, theological, historical, social and ethical locks of the cosmos. He was long a slave to phrenology. He has not yet quite burst his Herbert Spencerian fetters. He still believes, so it would seem, that "matter" and "spirit" are two separate, distinct, and mutually exclusive entities. Not even Hegel bridged for him that phantasmal chasm. And—to descend momentarily to minutiae—he gives the imprimatur of his name to such hybrids as "sociology" and "scientist," and to the use of the split infinitive. He is still accordingly somewhat in the nineteenth-century gall of bitterness. Nevertheless, this sincere seeker after truth does, out of these materials, construct, if not a solid cantilever, then, let us say (if I may change the metaphor), a highly dirigible air-ship that, at all events, carries him some distance over the edge of that precipice. That any one Crozier, that any one Hegel, should build a bridge that would reach the horizon, or construct an air-ship that would scale the empyrean—that were impossible.

It is a notable book is "My Inner Life;" its perusal will repay the reader sixty, seventy, or a hundred fold.

## THE SOUL'S YEARNING.

BY INGLIS MORSE

TO every lane of life  
There is some turning,  
Where the Soul at last shall find  
The goal of all its yearning.

# THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN ONTARIO

By W. L. GRANT

**W**HILE ordinary consciousness expresses the truth admirably when it speaks of 'the drama of History,' it has not the courage to say that it requires the devil to make the drama march. History is poisoned with discord and is nothing but a movement of oscillation and collision. History is a nightmare. Great empires rise and perish, and describe only a great cycle of vanity, and death is in the blasts of their trumpets. Think of the great generations once militant and furious, and now become only a surplus of ghosts!" (The Eternal Conflict. William Romaine Patterson. Heine-mann, 1901.) Certainly if this be so, if the supposed march of human progress be but "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury," then the less we have of it in our schools the better.

A somewhat more cheerful theory, and one which lies at the base of a good deal of the research work done in the American Universities to-day, is that History consists in the study and investigation of the facts of the past. This is the view of Mr. William Houston, of Toronto, of Morse Stephens, of Cornell, and of York Powell, in Oxford. The latter even rises from the usual angry dullness of his controversial style and becomes almost lively in his insistence on this point. "A history book is not necessarily good if it appears to the literary critic 'readable and interesting,' nor bad because it seems to him 'hard or heavy reading.' The formation and expression of ethical judgments, the approval or condemnation of Caius Julius Cæsar, or of Cæsar Borgia, is not a thing within the historian's province. His business is to find out what can be known about the characters and situations with which he is engaged; to put what he can ascertain before his readers in a clear form and, lastly, to consider and ascertain what scientific use

can be made of those facts he has ascertained." Two professors of the Sorbonne, Messieurs Langlois and Seignobos, in their "Introduction to the Study of History," try to carry out this idea to its conclusion with the unsparing logic of their nation. There is no philosophy of History; there can be no study of general causes; to attempt to draw lessons from the study of the past is to infringe on the sphere of the clergyman or the novelist, whom our vivacious French friends group together as the two chief classes who make their living by fiction. Accuracy of fact is the one thing needful. "Better spend weeks polishing a masterpiece of a score of pages in order to convince two or three among the scholars of Europe that a particular charter is spurious, or take ten years to construct the best possible text of a corrupt document, than give to the press in the same interval volumes of moderately accurate *anecdota* which future scholars will some day have to put through the mill again from beginning to end." In the same way Mr. Houston indignantly contrasts the work of the lecture room with the work of the Historical Laboratory; in the former the student strives to absorb without reflection or discrimination the erudition, or rather the prejudices and presuppositions of a rather musty and befogged lecturer; in the seminary the student works under the direction of the teacher, who saves him time in his search for facts, but carefully abstains from any attempt to control his reason.

Following out this idea our logical French friends pour scorn on the antiquated suggestion of Freeman that the would-be historian should have an adequate knowledge of philosophy, law, geography and political science in order that he may be able to understand the great forces which moved upon the face of the epoch which he is studying. Away with such training,



fit only for the mere litterateur and popularizer! We may remark, in passing, that for the popularizer, the man who strives to bring his knowledge down to the level of the general public in the vain hope of giving them some smattering of education, of perhaps aiding them in their social and political struggles, our French friends feel that pious horror which good Christians are supposed to feel for the devil, that greatest popularizer of all. The preliminary studies which the historian must pursue are, of course, Palæography, Epigraphy, Philology and Diplomatic (with its adjuncts Technical Chronology and Sphragistic), Numismatic and Heraldry. Then, armed with the breastplate of Palæography and the helmet of Diplomatic, bearing in his hand the sharp sword of Sphragistic, he will proceed to his God-given work of "Chronological Classification," being careful first to provide himself with a cabinet full of small drawers in which to systematize his notes. "The possession of a well-arranged, though incomplete, collection of slips has enabled M. B. Hauréau to exhibit to the end of his life an undeniable mastery over the very special class of historical problem which he studied."

After all, this is only a half truth produced by reaction. Professor York Powell's contention certainly has a truth as against, let us say, the conception of history held by the Irish Nationalists, where the facts are so surcharged with "ethical meaning" that they cease to be facts, and come to be disregarded altogether. We cannot get rid of truth by labelling it "the mere dirty facts." But, as against Prof. York Powell, the question arises "What are the facts?" They are in number infinite. Can we investigate them all? On what string are we to arrange our scattered pearls? The Chronological? How, then, are we to get a perspective? This is the defect of a work, in many respects so admirable, as that of my friend, Mr. H. P. Biggar, "The Early Trading Companies of New France."

Either history loses herself like the Rhine in the sands of detail, or we have a series of monographs interesting only to an extremely limited public, or we are false to our theory. In fact, we must have a working hypothesis as to the meaning of history in general and as to the importance of the special period which we are studying, though we must be willing at all costs to alter our hypothesis as the facts necessitate. So, gradually, we become justified in making great inductions, and in finding out the real meaning of the facts. Thus Mr. Biggar's book is only subsidiary to the main history which will one day be written, and which will show why France failed, why Britain won, and what lessons as to colonial government may be drawn from the struggle. While we can hardly give too much credit to Mr. Biggar for the industry and ability with which he has striven to get at the facts, and for the clearness with which he has seen that the facts are all important, we may say that the school to which he belongs sometimes fails to realize what the facts are, and that apart from the theory holding them together in an order far more vital than that of Chronology, the bare facts are not the real facts.

In what perspective are we to look at our material? Here, to our great surprise, we find that M. Langlois is compelled to abandon his theory. He casts withering scorn upon the Germans, who have tried by the lessons of history to instil patriotism and love of country; yet on the very next page he admits that the historian will arrange his facts so as to give prominence to those of a high educational value and less prominence to those of a lower educational value. But what is his standard? What constitutes educational value? If the historian thinks that those facts which conduce to patriotism are of high educational value, is he not justified in bringing them out into relief? For the perspective is everything. In the history of the art of war the American Revolution would not be worthy of mention;



in a history of the progress of civilization it is one of the half-dozen most important things in the world. The same may be said, in a less degree, of the raising of the siege of Orleans by Joan of Arc or of the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. Nor will it do to say that we must try to give them as they appeared to their contemporaries, for then the birth of Charles II would be far more important than that of Milton, and the Gunpowder Plot than the translation of the Authorized Version. Perhaps, after all, the history of any period can never be written with finality. Even Thucydides and Gibbon require to be supplemented and brought up to date. It is enough if we can attain to a higher objectivity, can reach a higher point of view than our predecessors. Only when

"The last grim joke is entered  
In the great black book of jobs"

can the true import of any period of history be finally settled. For us it is enough if so far as in us lies we

"Paint the thing as we see it  
For the God of Things as They Are."

This is especially true for the state-aided schools of Ontario. We must give the facts in that perspective which appears to us to represent most truly their relative importance to us as men of the present, yet looking forward to the future as citizens of Canada, of the Empire, and of the world. Those facts which have made us what we are are the salient facts. From this point of view how interesting is the history of Canada! On her confines three empires meet—France, Britain and the United States—the greatest powers of the past, the present, and it may be of the future, and her history must be studied in connection with the history of each of them.

And what a prospect opens up before the Canadian teacher! How much he might do to remedy the awful indifference of so many of us to politics! The lightness with which we regard the precious gift of the franchise! Was it for this that Eliot languished in the Tower, that Pym and Cromwell

died before their time, for this that Pitt and Beaconsfield struggled, for this that in our young country men revere the names of Papineau, Baldwin, Brown and Macdonald; for this that tens of thousands, perchance on famous battlefields, perchance unknown, save in some quiet English village or distant Highland glen, have fought and bled and agonized and died; that Mr. Charles Murphy should hold sway over as many subjects as Queen Elizabeth, and that even in Canada voters should be bought, cheaper than cattle in the marketplace, at two dollars a head, till the cynical American politician assures us that "the honest politician is the one that stays bought!" Cannot the historian of Britain and Canada do something to remedy this? Can he not teach us in the words of Milton to consider "What a nation it is whereof we are, and whereof we are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."

What are our Canadian schools and universities doing to teach this great lesson? Excellent work is carried on in the universities, but the number whom it influences is limited. The University of Toronto has published every year since 1896 an exhaustive "Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada," under the editorship of Professor Wrong. Other historical studies are issued at intervals, notably the admirable series of monographs on municipal subjects now being edited by S. Morley Wickett, Ph. D. Professor Shortt, of Queen's University, has contributed valuable articles to *Queen's Quarterly*, *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, and other periodicals. But in the class-rooms of both universities the study of Canadian history is thrown too much into the background, both in the past and the honour courses. One reason is probably the difficulty of obtaining suitable works of reference. Parkman has described

Canada under French rule "in pages glowing with purple light;" but our development subsequent to 1763 lacks as yet an historian with Parkman's literary finish and historical accuracy. The materials are, however, in large part accessible, and a little study of the original sources would be very valuable for the honour student, and even for the humble pass-man.

In the primary and secondary schools of the Province considerable attention is paid to the subject, but the text-books employed are extremely unsatisfactory. The youth of the United States know far more of the history of their country than do those of Canada. More than to any other cause the United States owe to their schools their large measure of success in digesting the vast masses of crude population poured in from all the countries of Europe. What are the text-books used at present in Canada to teach a history certainly not less inspiring than that of the great Republic?

In Nova Scotia "The History of Canada," by Mr. J. B. Calkin; in Ontario "The High School History," by Mr. Robertson, a scanty hundred pages crammed in at the back of "The High School History of England," or "The History of Canada," by Mr. W. H. P. Clement; in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, where the intelligent study of history would be of especial benefit, chiefly Mr. Clement. Of these Mr. Calkin's book is distinctly the best. It is readable and intelligible; proceeds on an orderly plan and preserves to a considerable extent that unity of treatment which is so necessary in a school text-book. Though not a great book, not even a great text-book, it is, at least, an adequate one. As for "The High School History of England and Canada," the less said of it the better. Below the lowest depth there is a depth, and it is, at least, distinctly superior to "The Public School History," which we take to be, in most respects, the worst text-book in the world. As to "The History of England," the author would

appear to have read Green without fully understanding him, and then to have attempted to boil down the "Short History" by the simple and ingenious method of leaving out all Green's illuminative anecdotes, reducing his masterly character-sketches to a series of adjectives and adopting a style which resembles nothing so much as straw chopped into lengths. "The High School History" was then boiled down, the last faint spark of interest removed, and "The Public School History" produced. "The High School History" is also full of mistakes and misprints of which the following are a few, picked out this morning as the result of fifteen minutes' labour.

P. 118—"Three months later Louis XII died, and his son, Francis I, became King of France." As a matter of fact, Francis was by blood only a distant relation, and by marriage the son-in-law of Louis XII.

P. 172—Death of Hampden, June 24th, 1634, instead of 1643.

P. 175—Pride's Purge is said to have taken place on December 6th, 1649, *i.e.*, about eleven months after the execution of Charles.

P. 271—Buonaparte is spelt Bona-porte.

The portion devoted to Canada is more correct in detail, but so unspeakably arid as to be even less helpful to either teacher or pupil.

Of Mr. Clement's work it is difficult to speak with patience; it is at once so conscientious and so incorrect, so turgid and so bald. Before going on to discuss its general characteristics let me criticize a few individual peculiarities.

P. 9—"Cavendish again *ravished* the Spanish Main." A truly notable exploit which fully justifies Mr. Clement's description of him as "the famous adventurer."

P. 23—The Hundred Associates engaged to settle four thousand colonists in New France within ten years. The High School History, p. 327, says six thousand. Mr. Clement is correct as to the number of colonists; but the company were given from 1628 to 1643, or

fifteen years, in which to settle them in Canada.

P. 31 speaks of "the lustre of the achievement of Charnisay." We had rather thought that the lustre shone round the head of Madame La Tour; but Mr. Clement is doubtless entitled to his own opinion.

P. 78, a map of Louisbourg is given, supposed to be copied from Parkman, but which by leaving out the signs of the compass given by Parkman, gives to the harbour a twist in the wrong direction.

On page 79, in his account of the same siege, it is said that "in the confusion British ships got in and captured the rest." As every one knows, the two remaining French ships were cut out by the British sailors who slipped in in *boats*. "A fell union"; "Hali-fax was a chief military centre"; "no settlements were established that far south," are examples of the correctness of the author's style.

But it would be useless to follow Mr. Clement any further in detail, and the main defects of his work lie far deeper. In the first place he excludes the picturesque as carefully as if he were drawing up a deed of sale. On p. 80 he does not even mention the presence at Ticonderoga, and the magnificent valour, of the newly formed Highland regiments whose enrolment had been so happy a stroke on the part of the British Government. On p. 107 his mention of "The Boston tea-party" is a model of dullness; for though this exploit stands morally on a level with the more recent escapades of Mrs. Carrie Nation, it had at least the merit of being picturesque.

Throughout Mr. Clement shows that tendency to too great minuteness in the specification of names, and too great abstractness in phraseology, which is apt to characterize the legal mind. "Deal arbitrarily," "provide for the appointment of Commissioners," "This Council was evidently intended to be but a temporary contrivance," "ordinance dealing with all such matters of Civil Government as require regulation," are phrases much

more fitted for a legal document than for a boy's school-book.

This dislike to being interesting makes Mr. Clement's work devote far too much attention to the constitutional side of history, and practically none to the equally important details of social life among the people. Nothing is so useless for the young as the dry bones of constitutional history. Constitutional history is substantially a digest of the national experience in the development of governmental machinery. But to give boys the digest before they have had the experience is to feed babies on beef extract, or chickens on protoplasm. If they read the life stories of Cromwell or of Pitt, of Joseph Howe or Robert Baldwin, the great ideas of constitutional history will gradually become present to their minds, present, too, as embodied in the lives of men as living and as human as themselves, rather than as abstract verities in which no boy and very few men can take the slightest interest.

Even with Mr. Clement's constitutional history we have serious fault to find. Macaulay's history has been described as "a great Whig pamphlet." Mr. Clement, in the latter part of his work, has produced an extremely small Liberal pamphlet. By identifying the Conservative party of the time with the Family Compact, and the Family Compact with its own most extreme and intolerant wing; by identifying the Reformers with their most enlightened section, and by producing a highly idealized portrait of the vain and unbalanced Mackenzie; by appearing to suppose that the Reformers foresaw all the happy results which added liberty has conferred upon Canada and brought about in her relations to the Empire, results which apparently the Family Compact also foresaw, but under the inspiration of the devil did their best to thwart,—he has produced a picture of the constitutional struggle from 1815 to 1841 which is utterly unintelligible. As a matter of fact, the moderate men of both parties seem to have been guided by much the same ideal. The calmness with which, after the Act of Union

in 1840, the responsible men of both parties settled down under the new regime reflects the greatest credit on each, and shows the absurdity of Mr. Clement's account too fully to need discussion.

When we consider that in the competition for a prize of one thousand dollars, offered by the Dominion Educational Association, Mr. Clement's book received the award over such a really excellent history as that of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, one is almost inclined to despair. For in the last resort the

teaching of history depends not on the text-book but on the teacher, and if the teachers of Ontario prefer Mr. Clement to Mr. Calkin or Mr. Roberts, there is really no more to be said. Let us hope that it is not so, for again in the words of Milton, "What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge; what wants there to such a towardsly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"

## THE HEIGHT O' LAND

By K. L. AITKEN



HE big man's name was Jack Brentram. His companion was christened Edward Ransley, but for some reason unknown to us Brentram called him "Dub."

They were the first white men we had seen for a matter of three weeks, so we welcomed them to our camp and tried to make them comfortable.

A great pile of brushwood was stacked on the rocks below, so when night fell we fired this and with our pipes gathered round it.

Brentram had said little or nothing up to the time when Billy, in the course of conversation, remarked: "This country is all right, but I'm getting tired of it. I'm here this summer, and I was here last summer, and the summer before that, and the year before that again. I'm coming up some *winter* when things are frozen good and hard."

"Humph!" said Brentram.

Ransley laughed. "*He's* seen the country in a condition like that," he said, pointing his thumb over his shoulder to where Jack half sat and half lay with his back against a dun-nage bag, "Eh Jack?"

Brentram volunteered another "Humph," and refilled his pipe.

A story was unquestionably in order, so we smoked on in silence. Rein arose and threw an armful of wood on the fire. The air around us was motionless, but the speed of the upper current was shown by the driving clouds, which at times completely covered the moon, revealing her the next moment in the full beauty of her splendour.

Before leaving the fire, Rein raked out one of the glowing embers and pressed it into the bowl of his pipe.

"Just bring me that, when you're through with it," said Brentram, "it's away ahead of a match."

Rein brought up the coal and placed it on the fresh tobacco in Jack's pipe, which was soon imparting to its owner that peace of mind and contentment wherein we appreciate the complete and entire fitness of all things.

"If you want the yarn, I'll be glad to give it to you," he said, and, as we made no comment, he began:

"As luck would have it, I was picked as one of a party of twenty to do some northern work in '98, and the start was made in the early part of

May. We were to run a line one hundred and eighty miles due north from a point thirty miles northwest of Shodd's River—so we did, though why the government wanted that line was more than any of us ever knew. However, it was sufficient that they wanted it.

"You know what that part of the country is like—muskeg in the open and in all other places underbrush and rock that would break your heart. It was a tough trip and progress could be made only at a snail's pace.

"When the last tamarack stake was driven into place in the beginning of November, we joined hands and did a war dance around it—not so much because we had run the line, but because we had finished running it. Then we set our faces southward and there was joy and gladness in every heart. Our dates had worked out well, and with easy travelling we would get home in good time for Christmas.

"There was, of course, the possibility of being frozen in; in fact, ice formation had been seen already several times. So, instead of taking things easy we went along with all speed and it was just as well we did.

"On December first we reached the western end of Lake Menishing—but the ice was there before us, by perhaps a day. It took forty-eight hours for the ice to thicken enough to make walking safe, and then, leaving the canoes and such stores as we could not carry, we started east on a hundred mile tramp across the ice.

"The weather in the north is mighty treacherous as you know. Because at the moment the sky is clear and the sun bright, it is no evidence that within a single hour there won't be a blizzard.

"Menishing, I think, is one of the worst sections for these sudden changes—it is situated just on the Height of Land—so as a matter of precaution some one was on watch throughout each night to guard against the possible, and very probable, breaking up.

"Early in the morning of the fourth day the warning came, and we hustled

for the shore, reaching it none too soon. It was dark, so, of course, we could see nothing; but the deafening cracking and grinding that came to us from all directions gave a hint of the great change that would come to view with the light.

"The sun came up full and strong, and showed the ice well broken. Looking around we found ourselves close to a deserted Indian hut, and an Indian hut, as you know, is not the choicest thing in the world. However, we entered this one, and found two old birch barks and some dried fish. Whether the fish had been dried by the owner of the hut, or whether they had reached that condition owing to the lapse of time, was a much argued question. Anyway, we guessed we didn't want the fish, so we took the canoes, and did what we could to make them seaworthy. They were poor jobs, to say the most of them, but we were thankful for anything.

"One canoe was much larger than the other. The smaller, however, was of good size, and easily took care of six men. One of these was a half-breed we picked up farther back, and as he was travelling toward the same Hudson Bay Post that we were headed for, we took him into the party. This arrangement of canoes gave fifteen men for the larger one, and in this shape we started, the sun shining overhead as if it were midsummer.

"About three in the afternoon the southern breeze changed into a brisk west wind, and things began to cloud up a bit. By half-past three the wind had shifted into the north and it was positively cold. By four we were feeling the full strength of a northern blizzard and paddling for dear life for the southern shore, about a mile distant.

"Somehow, in spite of our utmost efforts, the canoes became separated—and not until nine days later did we see our mates again.

"The storm drove us anywhere it saw fit. We came to an apparently solid sheet of ice, and it being a choice between smashing the canoe or disembarking, we did the latter. Walking



across the ice some thirty yards we found the mainland, and luckily, a fair-sized natural clearing, well sheltered by a thick wall of trees and brush.

"We set up the tent, and, with the aid of an old and rotten though very resinous pine, started a fire right at its mouth. We were soon comfortable in spite of the driving storm and bitter cold. Supper was the next thing to attend to, but upon inspection we found very little, for the food bags were in the big canoe. However, we had bacon, flour and salt—what more could a man want?—so we made a dough with the flour, and cutting it into artistic shapes fried it in the bacon grease. These little cakes were not so bad if they were eaten while yet so hot that you couldn't taste anything.

"I have always wondered where the mixer of that dough got his receipt. I think it was composed of about equal parts of flour and salt—proportions which, to my mind, are not correct. However, they were good."

Brentam chuckled as if the recollection of the "goodness" of those "cakes" amused him. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and took my proffered pouch.

"Long about twelve o'clock that night," he continued, "the wind dropped completely. It was the lull we were waiting for; in it lay the chance of picking up the other canoe or, at least, of making some progress towards the Post. We set to packing immediately, and got off somewhere about one. Before leaving we took the precaution of piling the fire high with all the remaining wood, so as to have a landmark in case something should happen, for the night was a black one.

"And something did happen! Two hundred yards out we ran straight into a big cake of ice with a jagged point that ripped a hole in the birch bark big enough to put your foot through. Johnson was bow man, and he did the best thing possible—pulled off his coat and thrust it into the gap. One of the bags contained six tin plates. This bag lay directly in front of me, so I

got out my knife and slit it up the side. I passed along the plates, and with two men paddling and the rest bailing, the canoe was headed for the fire. We seemed to have the best of the water at first, but soon I felt it creeping up around my knees.

"About a hundred feet from the shore ice the canoe went down under us. I was helpless in the water with my heavy jacket, so I pulled it off and let it go. I saw the breed for an instant; he had hold of one of the bags which came to the surface. I waited a moment to see if the fellows got free from the canoe all right, but it was so dark that I could see nothing. I felt the cold begin to creep into my bones, and realizing that it would be a hard fight for all of us, struck out for the shore. I reached it first and pulled myself up on the ice as best I could, and knelt there, peering out into the blackness, trying to catch a glimpse of the rest of the boys.

"One by one they came in. Matthews was first. I gave him my hand and pulled him up.

"Thanks, old man," was all he said, and then he too tried to see out into the night.

"Johnson was next, and then came Hawkes, and then, after some few minutes had passed, we pulled in Scarborough, completely exhausted and numbed through and through. That made five—there was one to come and that was the breed.

"We stood there in the cold for some time and then went up to the fire.

"Queer thing about the half-breed, you know. Take him on land or on water and he's a first-rate man, but in the water—well then it's quite different. I suppose our breed stayed up as long as the bag did, and when that lost its buoyancy the poor devil sank with it. He never reached the shore.

"That night was not a pleasant one. The snow came down again and the few remaining embers of our fire were soon put out. If we had had our axe things would have gone better, but it, with everything else, went down with the canoe.



"Physical movement of some kind was absolutely necessary, so taking the place of the burnt-out fire as a centre we made a circular track some thirty feet in diameter. Then we strung out into single file and around that track we tramped all the rest of the night and well into the next day.

"All of the boys had left their coats in the water as I had done. Our clothes were now much too light; besides this they were frozen, and though every step was agony we did not dare to stop, for that would mean—well, the fight had scarcely begun.

"With the dawn came a sort of vague hope, and then a reaction in the form of a complete realization of our position. Hawkes sighed.

"'Cheer up, old chap!' Johnson said to him. 'It's a hard game, but you know the stake. It's worth while.'

"'Maybe,' Hawkes replied, 'but I was just thinking I would willingly change places with that breed out there!' And he pointed through the snow in the direction of the lake.

"By noon the air was clear and we could see something of the country. We were at the mouth of a big bay. We couldn't see down into it at all, but the opposite shore was distinct enough and seemed about seven or eight miles away.

"Matthews went down the shore a bit, and when he returned told us that he thought he knew the bay as there was only one other as big as it in the whole lake, and that was away at the western end. He also said that if this was the bay he thought, there was an Indian store-hut on the shore in the centre of it, and now within eight or ten miles of us.

"It was a chance—the only chance—so we took it. If we were to get help it must be soon. A man cannot stand intense cold without food.

"We decided that three would be the best number to make a try for the hut, though why we did not stick together is not now clear to me. I distinctly remember, however, that there was some practical reason against it at the time. Each of the boys seemed an-

xious to be one of the three, and I must confess that I wanted to get away from that clearing myself. However, I volunteered to remain if someone would stay with me.

"Johnson came over to where I stood, and we shook hands. We had been pretty good chums throughout the trip.

"It was a plain 'good-bye' when the boys left us, for we scarcely hoped to see each other again. They struck straight into the bush—there was no trail, nor much hope of finding one.

"Johnson and I spent the rest of the day on the track. When night came we went down to the edge of the shore ice and had a drink of water—just to show, as it were, that there was no hard feeling. Then we went back to the circle and spent the night plodding around it."

Brentram paused, and I instinctively passed him my tobacco.

"Thanks," he said, taking it, "that's a weakness of mine, and I've run short to-night. What I most wanted up there in that clearing was neither food nor clothes but tobacco. If I had had something to smoke I could have held out for a week, I think. Johnson did not feel the loss so badly—he smoked very little, but with me it's a sort of passion. I can't work or feel easy or comfortable unless I have my pipe between my teeth."

George went down and tried to coax the dying fire into a blaze. The wood we gathered was almost gone by this time, so he could do but little with it.

"Well, to go on," said Brentram. "When morning came Johnson and I were not on speaking terms, so far as an outsider could judge. Somewhere about noon, however, we went down to the water again and had another drink—just to show, as it were, that even as yet there was no hard feeling.

"A heavy snow storm set in late in the afternoon.

"'Guess we'll have to do a little walking to-night to keep the track in shape,' I said. It was a pitiful attempt at a jest. We had been walking continuously for two nights and two days already.

"Johnson gave a half-hearted laugh and replied, 'Yes, it's a pleasant evening for a stroll.'

"As the night wore on the snow became heavier, and the cold more intense. The northern lights were showing faintly and seemed to half-illuminate the clearing in spite of the big flakes. A strangely weird uneasiness seemed gradually to possess me, but just what was wrong I couldn't tell. I saw Johnson several times—he was always on the opposite side of the circle—and I thought of asking him if he noticed anything out of the way. However, for once in my life I was unselfish, for I didn't force my unpleasant and demoralizing thoughts upon him.

"After a while the snow ceased and the light from the north became stronger. Heavens! but it was cold. But now I could see what was bothering me—there was a black object lying out in the snow some fifty feet from the track. At first I thought it was an animal of some kind, but soon it developed into a man in a crouching position. There was something sinister about the figure which banished the thought that aid was at hand. It was unnatural. It was like the figure of a spy lying concealed and motionless, noting intently the secret actions of an enemy. It seemed like a cat watching a mouse—and somehow, I felt that I was the mouse, and that the first sign I should give, showing my knowledge of the Thing's presence, would be the signal for the spring.

"My unselfish thoughts vanished at once. My one object was to catch up with Johnson and cautiously ask him what he made of it. I did not dare call to him, so I quickened my pace. He apparently did the same. I gradually reduced it to a slow walk, but still Johnson continued diametrically opposite me. This kept up for the rest of the night—the Thing in the snow remained unmoved. Johnson seemed unconscious of its existence, while with me the fear of it slowly ate its way into my heart until I was terrified to the point of screaming. But

I dared not. At times I felt that come what might, I must scream, but was restrained only by the horrible conviction that the next instant would find me crushed into the snow beneath that inhuman uncanny shape.

"Johnson seemed to fade with the breaking of the day, while the figure in the snow became plainer. The sight of it repelled me, for even in the light I still felt the same overwhelming fear. Yet some irresistible impulse forced me towards it. It was Johnson. He must have been lying there dead for half the night."

Brentram paused. The embers of our fire had been supporting a little blaze for some minutes past, and this now popped out with a suddenness that was most distressing, leaving only the glowing coals to light our camp. From the bay opposite came the agonized cry of a loon, followed by its peals of maniacal laughter.

"If there had been one of those hell-birds up there to laugh at me that night," said Brentram, gazing across the water towards the source of the sound, "it would have been the last straw. But there wasn't!

"I remember dragging Johnson's body over to the centre of the circle—after that, things are hazy; I must have taken to the track again, for I was half-walking and half-running around it when the fog lifted off my brain. The sun was shining and the air was clear.

"The thought possessed me that with a fire I could bring Johnson back to life. Then I remembered the big pine stump over on the left of the clearing. If that could be got out of the ground it would give me all the heat wanted. Of course there was no means of igniting the wood, but that was of no immediate importance—the thing was to get the stump out. So I scraped away the snow and went at one of the big roots with my clasp knife.

"The rest of that day and the following night and part of the next day, I suppose was divided between the stump and the track. When I became discouraged about the stump I would

take an hour or so on the circle—and then tackle the stump again. That whole time is still a sort of blank to me, but I can judge the amount of work I did with my knife by the condition of my hands. It took a full month for the wounds to heal.

"The boys reached the clearing that morning about ten. They had found the hut and brought back with them a shelter tent, blankets, some clothes, an axe, food and matches, and—tobacco.

"I must have been pretty crazy when they arrived. They told me about it afterwards—I seemed to know who they were in a vague way, but their presence did not change my intentions regarding the stump. It was only after I had made them solemnly promise to chop it out that I was persuaded to leave off. I did not want any food—what I did want and what I got was a good smoke. They had to give it to me. I was doing all sorts of fancy cuts and lunges in the air with the knife. After that I crawled into a blanket, lay down beside a big fire, and slept the rest of the day.

"I awoke with a clear mind and told the boys as best I could all that had happened during their absence.

"Next day the snow was well packed and had a crust strong enough to travel on, so we started on our overland trip to the Post. It was forty miles, and we made it in five days, since about a mile in from the clearing we struck a kind of trail that ran direct to our destination. Poor Johnson's body we carried on our backs,

taking turn about. Those five days were gloomy ones I can tell you.

"We reached the Post safely and found that the other canoe had struck the shore much farther east than we did, and had supposed that we were still farther along than themselves. They took advantage of every opportunity to make headway, and so reached the Post three days after the separation. They waited for us until the second day, and then sent out a relief party which returned in a week after a fruitless search. We had been at the Post some days when they got back.

"Well, we got home for Christmas. Occasionally I meet some of the boys nowadays and we talk over old times; however, there is one part of that trip upon which we never touch—that five day tramp from the bay to the Post, when we carried poor Johnson on our shoulders."

Brentram knocked the ashes out of his pipe and got up. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Dub; it's three miles to camp. Don't you think we ought to be moving?"

Ransley assented; so we shook hands all around, and they embarked. We watched them paddle out into the moonlight and round the point, and then we sat and smoked in silence for perhaps an hour.

"—Wish we could see just a little blaze in that fire before we turn in," said George.

I went down to the rocks and kicked the coals together. But the fire was dead.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 50—FREDERICK WILLIAM WOOD THOMPSON



AMERICA is the continent of young men. In Europe, youth is a weakness to be lived down; in America, youth is a promise of vigour and initiative to be lived up to. Canada is, in this respect, not quite so American as the American Republic,

but it is far in advance of Europe with its love of long apprenticeships.

The group of young men who are pushing to the front in Canada are among the most hopeful signs of coming nationhood which the eye of those who cherish a passion for this land of unmeasured promise can discern on

the horizon. We are not in the hands of a dying generation. We are not compelled to stand by the armchairs of feeble-framed experience, fearful lest a few hoary heads may fall and we be called upon to bury the hopes of the Dominion. Across the seas they are, perhaps, overfond of sighing "the last great Englishman is low," but there is little danger that we will be called upon very soon to sing a similar dirge for "the last great Canadian." We have the faith—or the optimism—to believe that great Canadians are plenty, and that some of them are young.

One of this group of young men who gives to us a happy confidence in the future of the Dominion is the forty-two-year-old Montrealer, who is at the head of the largest flour milling company in the British Empire. Mr. Frederick William Wood Thompson is today Vice-President and Managing Director of the great Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited; one of the vast industrial enterprises of the "wheat belt," which has made this country known in the flour markets of the world, and which has contributed not a little to the immediate financial success of the wheat-growing farmers of the West. Now Mr. Thompson has not reached this position by waiting for it, in the approved patriarchal fashion; he climbed to it. He is one of the stamp of men who do not tarry until

honours descend upon them because there are no older intervening heads in the way; he pushes up to the honours.

His birthday was January 16th, 1862, and his birthplace Montreal. His first business experience was in a broker's office, where men early learn the inexpediency of waiting for things; things are to be reached for. After that he tried banking, and there is a

legend that, while engaged in discovering that keeping "tab" on other men's "score cards" in the game of money-getting was too limited an occupation for him, he developed unexpectedly on one occasion some Sherlock Holmes traits which resulted in laying by the heels certain gentlemen who thought they knew a shorter road to wealth than the law recognizes.

But his real life work began in 1882 when, at the age of twenty, he was given by the late Mr. W.

W. Ogilvie a position as accountant at Winnipeg for the Ogilvie Milling Co. Here his splendid business qualities soon made themselves seen. Youth had bestowed upon him energy and initiative instead of her commoner dowers of diffidence and a tendency to imitate. And the West was then—as it is now—a vast hot-house for the rapid development of young power. The result was that Mr. Ogilvie—no mean judge of men—made him, at the age of twenty-six,



MR. F. W. W. THOMPSON  
PHOTO BY STEELE & CO.

general manager of the Company with full management of the business from Montreal west to the Pacific. His headquarters were still Winnipeg, and the new appointment gave him great scope, for the Company had a large mill there, and at that point was carried on a very important part of the whole business, *i.e.*, the buying of the wheat.

Naturally, in a city of young men, Mr. Thompson's worth was soon and fully appreciated. He took rank at once with the best men in the western metropolis, and it is stated that he was on one occasion offered a portfolio in the Manitoba Government if he would give up milling wheat and go into the dustier mill-room of politics. But Mr. Thompson is essentially a business man. He had found his *metier*, and he wisely refused to leave it for a field which might not have proved so genial. Still the fact of the offer stands as an unforced testimony to the value set upon his abilities by his fellow-citizens.

Then came the death of Mr. Ogilvie and the question as to how the vast business he had built up should be carried on. Mr. Thompson, who knew well the opportunity thus offered, united with another of the very brightest of Canada's young men, Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, to form the new Company which bought out the Ogilvie business. This venture is so recent that the public still remember how well the new enterprise was received in the financial world, how the stock was subscribed for several times over, and how a fresh impetus was given to even the swelling success of the old Ogilvie Company.

This was less than two years ago, and yet the Ogilvie business has grown in a marked manner since that near date. To the impetus of personal ambition has been added the impetus of ownership, and it would be surprising if Mr. Thompson were not doing better work now than he was when "manager for Ogilvie's" in the West. Then he has the invaluable quality of being able to attract to himself the spontaneous loyalty of colleagues and subordinates. He is a likeable man, and he is just as well liked by those who are on his pay-

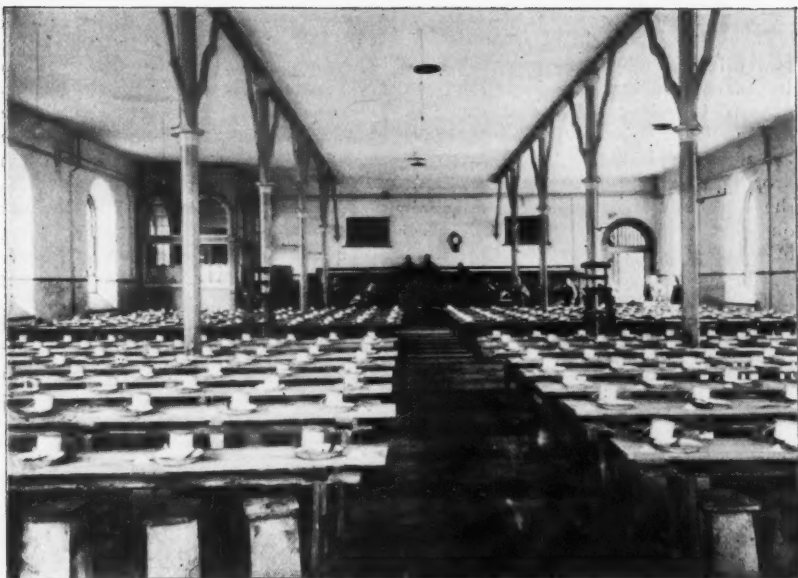
roll as by those who meet him by the social fireside. He does not make the first-class mistake of carrying two manners, but is always the alert, decisive, human, capable and yet sympathetic man who does business with a circle of friends.

One of the things which one hears oftenest of him is that he is exceedingly quick in reaching his conclusions. His is the razor-like mind which cuts to the heart of a proposition at a stroke, and sees at once whether it contains any promise of good. Consequently he usually decides a proposal promptly, without that delay for consideration which most men think so essential. This saves time, and prevents any danger of a rival forestalling him while he cons the matter over. A man who can do this, and not make mistakes, is undoubtedly better equipped for the lightning competition of titanic business struggles than the surest man who pays for his certainty the price of slowness.

It is something for the country to have two of its brightest young men—Thompson and Hosmer—closely concerned in the business of milling wheat. For many years to come, wheat and flour must be our chief output. It was as "the granary of the Empire" that we were introduced to the assembled world at the Coronation. It is as a vast wheat field that Mr. Chamberlain proposes to extend to us a British preference. The immigration which is being drawn to our shores—and especially the best of the immigration—comes to sow and reap wheat in the Canadian West. It is, therefore, highly important that an industry intended to manufacture wheat in the country of its origin, and to export it as a finished product and not as a raw material, should be fittingly manned. And in this we are remarkably fortunate. The great millers of Canada are all men of energy, wide vision and national stature. One of the latest to come to the front is the subject of this sketch, but he has already made it certain that he will carry on not only worthily, but, perhaps, with enhanced vigour, the traditions of his calling.

PLUME





KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—THE DINING ROOM

## CRIME AND ITS SUPPRESSION

*By J. J. KELSO*



**T**N this age of progress, the effectiveness of the short-sentence method of dealing with criminals is being seriously called in question, and a new and better way, both reformatory and deterrent, is earnestly desired by those who have to do with crime and its suppression. That short terms of imprisonment neither reform nor deter is, in a general way, admitted by many prominent judges and Crown officials, but the criminal procedure is so well defined, and from long usage has become so firmly established as to make legislators extremely careful in proposing or endorsing any change. The time is coming, however, when the probation system of dealing with first and second offenders, and the indeterminate commitment of habitual criminals, to be subsequently paroled on evidence of refor-

mation by a competent board, will be the settled policy of the country in criminal jurisprudence.

### THE NEED FOR A CHANGE

There is a professional criminal class whose misdoings cover many pages of the police records, and for whose reformation no hope is entertained by the police or the prison officials who are intimately acquainted with them. This class is not so very large, but the frequency with which they come before the public in the newspaper annals make them appear numerous. Many of them have been convicted from ten to fifteen times, and some even twenty and thirty times, not to speak of the trials which did not result in conviction, and the well-founded suspicions entertained at all times concerning them by the police when they are at liberty. They

are sentenced according to the offence, so that after a term in the penitentiary they begin over again with thirty days in jail or six months in prison, their commitment varying from the short to the long term, according to whether the offence is stealing a small article or burglary and manslaughter. Often they are able with the proceeds of their plunder to employ expert legal aid and claim release on technicalities. It is the offence rather than the offender that is on trial, whereas it should be the offender, his character and antecedents that should determine the penalty.

#### REPEATERS

Were it not that the records would take up too much space, some interesting histories might be given of young men who, starting as mere children with ten days in jail, have for eight, ten or fifteen years been constantly on the police books; of women, for drunkenness, given thirty day terms over and over again, until they are so well known in the

Police Court as to be familiarly remembered and greeted by the officials, their records extending over from ten to twenty years, with less reformation at the end than the beginning of their career. Here is the record of a comparatively young man selected at random:—

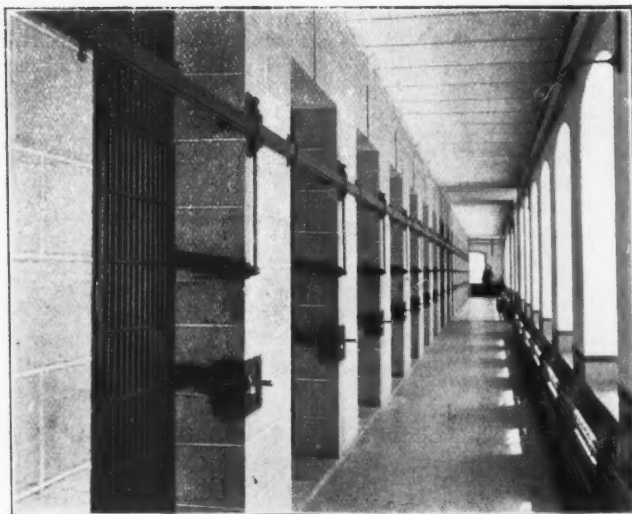
Aug., 1902—P. M.—Convicted of stealing, and remanded for sentence.

#### FORMER SENTENCES.

October 22, '86—60 days in jail.  
 October 9, '87—30 days in jail.  
 November 15, '87—60 days in jail.  
 November 6, '88—Six months in Central Prison.  
 May 23, '89—Six months in Central Prison.  
 August 11, '90—60 days in jail.  
 October 7, '91—Six months in Central Prison.  
 April 12, '92—Twelve months in Central Prison.  
 January 20, '94—Three months in Central Prison.  
 July 9, '94—Three months in Central Prison.  
 November 30, '94—Four months in Central Prison.  
 April 26, '95—Three years in Kingston Penitentiary.



KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—THE WALLS FROM THE INSIDE. THESE WALLS WERE BUILT IN 1845



CORRIDOR AND CELLS IN THE PRISON OF ISOLATION

December 17, '97—Six months in Central Prison.

June 25, '01—Remanded for sentence.

Glancing over the Police books one could in an hour collect dozens of records longer than the above, extending from the petty offence of the child of eight or ten, and running through the various institutions, such as the gaol, reformatory, central prison, penitentiary, and then back again to short gaol terms. A sad reflection also is that so many should pass through a reformatory, not only unreformed, but hardened and revengeful and determined to follow crime as a vocation. How important it is that society should direct its best efforts towards rescuing and tenderly caring for the neglected child ere the pure young soul has lost almost beyond recall its innocence and beauty!

#### THE COST OF CRIME

The cost of this battledore and shuttlecock method is naturally enormous, though no one has as yet made any careful study of this feature of the case. There is in the first place the loss and insecurity entailed upon the

innocent victims, who are very rarely recompensed for their losses or injury. Then there is the great cost of police protection—over a quarter of a million dollars in Toronto alone, with corresponding expenditure in other cities. Every municipality carries this load, and the Government of Ontario expends over half a million dollars

yearly for the administration of justice. Prisons are maintained at large expense as places of temporary detention merely; for the most sanguine officials do not pretend to reform even a reasonable percentage of those passing through their hands on the short sentence plan.

#### INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES

No two judges mete out the same punishment for a given offence. Some are inclined to be lenient, others to be harsh. In the Police Court the sentence might be three months, while in the general sessions it might be a year or more. Prisoners compare sentences when they get together, and calmly tell the warden they are at war with society because they have been unjustly treated. An actual case occurred not long ago where a young man for a certain offence was given six months' imprisonment, while another for precisely the same crime was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. In another case, two young men were charged with robbery—one elected to be tried summarily by the police magistrate and received three months; the

other decided to go before a higher Court and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. It all depends on the point of view of the judge, his disposition, or the state of his digestion. One well-known judge, in a public address recently, gave it as the result of his observation that sentences varied according to the temperament and training of the presiding judge.

Prosecuting attorneys, when elevated to the bench, were as a rule more severe than those whose legal practice has been chiefly in defending criminals. Thus the judges themselves recognize the disparity that in the nature of things is more or less unavoidable.

#### PROBATION

In considering any plan for improving the present system of dealing with offenders first place must be given to probation—a plan that differs from the present suspended sentence in this, that it provides a system of supervision after release. When a judge decides to suspend sentence the offender is discharged, and is left entirely to his own resources. Under a probation system he is discharged to the custody of a probation officer, who helps him to find employment, and in a general way acts as his friend and counsellor, reporting to the Court as to his general conduct and progress. Probation officers may be directly appointed by the Court, or they may be the representatives of philanthropic societies, but they must always be selected because of special fitness for this class of work.



A CORRIDOR, WITH CELL DOORS OPEN

Women are eligible as probation officers, and in certain cases they succeed by tact and kindness where a man would fail. The offender is encouraged and befriended while at the same time he is given to understand that the unfavourable report of the agent will mean the withdrawal of his privileges. It is a well-known fact that the first offence is due to special temptation, to uncongenial or defective home life, or to evil companionship, and that if these difficulties can be removed a second offence will rarely occur. Committed for the first time to prison, there is not only the disgrace, loss of self-respect and loss of employment, but there is the association with other offenders, that so often leads to hardness and indifference. Every possible effort should be exerted to save the erring before the official grind has made the task of reformation a difficult if not an impossible one.

#### RESTITUTION

The principle of restitution is not given sufficient prominence in the administration of justice. A man should be compelled to work and pay back

to the person wronged either the amount of loss sustained or a reasonable compensation for injuries inflicted. This would in some measure meet the difficulty of providing adequate punishment for those who have flagrantly broken the law and who cannot be allowed to go unpunished. The idea seems to prevail that imprisonment is the only remedy, whereas conviction, and the attendant publicity and exposure, is often sufficient punishment, and an order for restitution—not a fine to go into the public treasury—would be only common justice and would be a deterrent equally as effective as a month or two of apologetic confinement. When a man is sent to prison he loses his employment, which he can seldom regain on release. Wife, children or parents who may be dependent on him will suffer, and often they have to be helped from charitable funds, so that the community suffers also. What an enormous gain it would be if he could serve his term without imprisonment, that is, continue to work under the watchful eye of a probation officer and pay the person whom he de-

frauded or injured! He remains an industrial unit, the penalty is practically as severe, and the community is not compelled to maintain him as an idler in prison.

#### THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE

When after two or three fair chances a youth shows by his actions that he is bent on criminal ways, then he should be classed as an habitual criminal and committed indefinitely to a reformatory institution—for under this system all prisons would be reform institutions. Even on the first conviction judges should have power to commit indefinitely, for the antecedents of the prisoner may be unknown, and there may be reasonable ground for suspicion that in other communities his record would be bad. There is a class of offenders who are continually drifting about and who have no settled habitation. The chief duty of a judge or magistrate would then be to see that the accused party received a fair trial, and to register conviction. The length of term of imprisonment would depend on the prisoner's own conduct.

Some advocate the fixing of a minimum and maximum period, but with first-class officials and a competent paroling board it would be reasonably safe to make the sentence absolutely indefinite. This would greatly relieve the judge, would do away with the short sentence, and also with the inequality of which prisoners complain. It would do



KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—A CORNER OF THE WALLS, SHOWING A GUARD ON DUTY





DYNAMO HOUSE

INSANE ASYLUM

WEST GATE

KINGSTON PENITENTIARY—SOME OF THE SMALLER BUILDINGS

far more, in that it would introduce an element of uncertainty that would prove the strongest possible deterrent to a career of crime.

Without going into the question fully, it might be here stated that the ticket-of-leave system inaugurated by the Department of Justice recently is not approved of or endorsed by persons competent to judge, owing to the absence of proper safeguards. It is now a practical discharge, and the privilege has been flagrantly abused.

#### THE PRISON AS A REFORM SCHOOL

It may safely be said of our prisons that the officials are humane men who strive after the permanent improvement of those placed in their care. They cannot at present accomplish much, because the short term simply builds the prisoner up physically and makes him more capable of wrongdoing when released. The prisoner, knowing his stay will be brief, scorns any good influence, and openly pro-

claims his intention to continue the warfare against society. Under the indeterminate sentence plan release is earned by good conduct, and the personal co-operation of the prisoner—an essential in all true reformation—is secured.

#### THE PARDONING BOARD

By a carefully devised system of observation, etc., and the daily reports of the officials, very little difficulty would be experienced in deciding when a man was fit to be trusted at large. A pardoning, or to be more precise, a paroling board, consisting of gentlemen of the highest standing, would be appointed to decide when the prison door should be opened. This release would be on parole, subject to recall at any time, with an absolute discharge after a certain period of good conduct outside. Probably a pardoning board for each institution would give better results than one board for the entire province, as it would permit of a closer study of each case.

## ON PAROLE

No person would be released until a situation had been secured for him, and his expenses would be guaranteed until he was fully self-supporting. Parole officers directly connected with the institution would maintain a friendly supervision, not espionage, the object being to encourage and assist him to regain his lost place in society. If at any time he returned to criminal ways he would be brought back for further discipline without the formality of a new trial. What a saving over the present method of arresting and trying the same man several times each year!

## THE MENTALLY UNFIT

A large proportion of habitual offenders are mentally defective, and are unsafe to be at large at any time. Cases are on record of men and women convicted of crime time and again, and sent from one prison to another for years, who should have been sent in the first instance to an institution for the feeble-minded. Under a proper system these undeveloped and mentally-lacking persons would be carefully sifted out and the pardoning board might safely be trusted to decide what course should be pursued with regard to them, having in view not only the best interests of the unfortunates themselves, but also the welfare of the community.

This is but a brief outline of the need and the remedy, and it would certainly

be an immense relief to society if a definite and satisfactory plan could be evolved whereby safety of life and property could be more fully guaranteed than at present by the elimination of the habitual criminal.

The great majority of the people, who are not brought into direct contact with the criminal class, and whose acquaintance with the subject is largely confined to the newspaper reports of vice, rapine and murder, cannot be expected to agitate for changes which they do not fully grasp, but officials who are constantly fighting to protect society from these criminal pariahs know full well how hopeless their efforts are under existing conditions and are earnestly looking forward to parliamentary action. It has been suggested that a conference of judges, Crown and prison officials might be held to consider this special subject, and that possibly the Government might be willing to appoint a Royal Commission to study the problem and prepare the way for legislation.

In the hope of making this article as nearly as possible the expression of the views of those specially qualified to speak, it has been submitted to and has been approved by His Honour Judge McDonald, of Brockville; Chief Inspector of Detectives Stark, of Toronto; Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison of Ontario; Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, and Mr. James Noxon, Inspector of Reformatory Prisons of Ontario.

## LIFE

BY INGLIS MORSE

LIFE, thou art like a woman fair,  
 Whose wondrous hair  
 Falls trailing down the stairway of the years.  
 There is a look upon thy face  
 That e'en suggests a deeper grace—  
 A mystic look that oft breeds tears  
 And often countless tears;  
 Yet last and best of all, in thee abides the joy  
 Of living in thy glad employ.

# THE DISCREDITED INTERVIEW

By C. F. PAUL



FOR a line of choice, hand-illuminated invectives, produced at such times and upon such occasions as the English language appears to fall by the wayside, commend me to Sir William VanHorne, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and master-mind of a dozen other large enterprises," commented the Old Time Reporter.

"I have heard of occasions when an odd one of the boys ran afoul of Sir William's hawser, and I did myself upon one occasion," said the Old Timer, who was in a reminiscent mood.

"It all occurred a number of years ago, when Sir William was still President of the C.P.R.

"Rumours were flying. Boiled down and skimmed they all gave the same result: The American railroad man upon whom good Queen Victoria had bestowed the K.C.M.G. was about to resign his office; he would retire to his pictures and his books, and allow someone else to shoulder the work and worry of directing the destinies of Canada's great transcontinental Line.

"That this was all discussed in inner railway circles I had good reason to know, but unfortunately there was nothing sufficiently substantial to print.

"One day in talking over matters with a friend, who by the way is now a member of the directorate of this same railway, I mentioned the subject.

" 'I know,' said he, 'I have heard the rumors, but I am not in a position to help you out. The only thing I can suggest is that you go to Sir William, tell him what you have heard, and get your reply straight from him.'

"A kick is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and I lost no time in making my way to the general offices of the company.

"Here I was held up by Sir William's private secretary, which is a righteous practice, and the only method

by which a railway president can secure a minute to attend to his own affairs.

"I stated my business. The P. S. looked thoughtful, and finally concluded to state the case to the President, who was in his private office. The P. S. returned in a moment saying that Sir William would write out his answer. I might wait for it.

"The reply to my query arrived in the form of a half-sheet of bluish-white foolscap paper. There was no mistaking the writing. It was in Sir William's flowing telegraphic hand.

" 'Sir William says to make this into an interview,' were the instructions I received as I left.

"This is exactly what I did do when I arrived at the office, and I headed it up with a three-quarter column introduction, for that interview said as plainly as words could, that Sir William VanHorne intended to resign.

"True, incorporated in it were a few ifs, ands and perhapses; but reading it from top to bottom it meant resignation, nothing more and nothing less.

"Inside of a minute I had Reuter's man glued down on one side of me and the Associated Press man on the other, and long before I had that introduction complete the cables flashed the news to Europe, and the A. P. wires were sending it from one end of the American continent to the other. Surely it was the news of the day, and for the remainder of that twenty-four hours I mentally shook hands with myself.

"A glance at the papers next morning showed, much to my astonishment, that the interview was discredited, and by no less a man than Sir William himself. It seemed impossible, but there it was in cold type. The author of this alleged resignation, published in the rival evening journal, was an undistilled liar of the first water. He was capable of beating his grandmother to death and blaming it on the



SIR WILLIAM VANHORNE

FROM A SNAP SHOT BY THE LATE WYATT EATON

C.P.R. In fact he was guilty of anything from manslaughter to arson.

"With an uneasy feeling in my soul I arrived at the office, and was there confronted by a note from the managing editor. He wished to see me at once.

"Greybeard looked me over with a dubious countenance, shook his head and remarked: 'You are in a devil of a muss. Sir William denies that interview. Says that he has been misquoted; that it is an infernal lie, and a few more things, some of which would not pass muster in polite society.

What have you to say for yourself?'

"I told Greybeard the story of how I had obtained the interview and produced the slip of paper, which fortunately I had tossed into my desk the previous afternoon. The managing editor looked it over, compared it with the interview in the paper, and concluded by saying that aside from the introduction, which was a trifle yellow, I appeared to be all right. Upon receiving the verdict I gathered in my precious bit of manuscript and decamped.

"But this was not the end of it all.

The stock markets did not take kindly to that reported resignation. C.P.R. opened three points down in London, to be followed by New York and Montreal both making a 'bear' card of it. All along the line the reported resignation of the master-mind was looked upon with no favourable eye.

"In the meantime the general offices of the C.P.R. kept the wires hot. The report was denied in London, and Reuter's got after their Montreal man. The Associated Press wired back to their correspondent wishing to know why 'fake' news had been sent them, for they too had received an official denial.

"There was but one thing left to do, and that was to have a blue print made of the original document, and copies of this were sent out by the boys to the various news agencies and papers they represented. It was hard on Sir William, but it had to be done to save the boys.

"As for myself, I never heard any more of it from the office, and we printed no denial of the story.

"Looking back at it now I can clearly understand how it was that Sir William Van Horne said more on that sheet of paper than he intended, and his declaration that my interview was untrue was made in all good faith. The resignation was in his mind, for

it followed about a year afterward. It was evidently his intention to give me something which would quiet the rumours, and at the same time let the public understand that he had no intention of using his life up guiding the destinies of a single railway when there were books, curios and pictures to buy, and when there were new and untried fields of enterprise to conquer. He overshot the mark a trifle. That was all. He permitted the public to know what he was thinking of before the time was ripe. He did not realize how bald the statements were until he saw them in print, and then he was positive that I had drawn the long bow. Not an uncommon failing, as anyone who has interviewed will tell you.

"Well, I did not go up to Sir William's office for some time after that, and when I did the private secretary told me, with a grin, that Sir William, in language painted and picturesque, had ordered that when next I appeared on the scene I was to be thrown down the stairs or the elevator shaft, the President was not particular which."

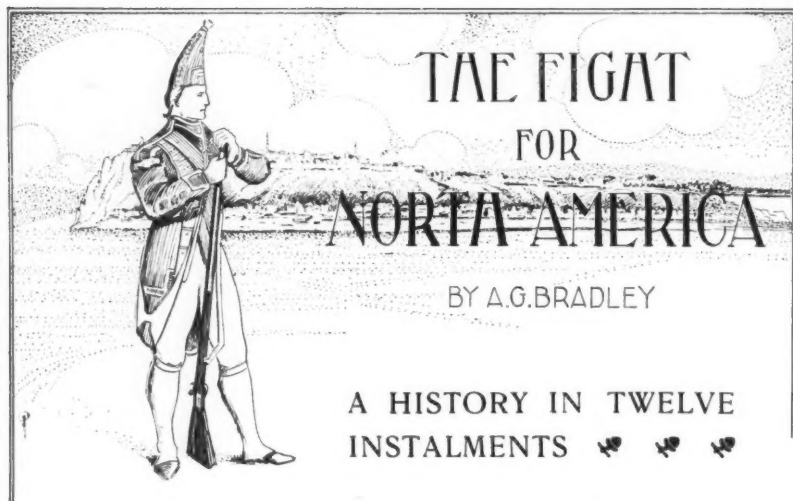
The Old Timer lit a fresh cigar, looked at the burning end carefully, and said: "When a man of importance will write his own interview, by all means let him. But I tell you, boys, save the copy."

## LOVE

BY PETER JOHNSON

WHAT pleasure though I grave my name  
 Indelible on scroll of fame;  
 Though marble shaft, in letters bold,  
 My virtues to a world unfold;  
 Though millions numerous as the sand  
 Proclaim my merits through the land,  
 If I but lack that subtle skill  
 To win thy love—to keep it still—  
 With all those blazoned glories paled—  
 E'en virtue's citadel assailed;  
 The glittering gloss of gaudy power  
 Is but the passion of an hour  
 Beside that mystic bond sublime  
 Which joins my heart, my sweet, to thine.





CHAPTER III—A BRITISH FORCE DESPATCHED TO AMERICA—BRADDOCK'S  
EXPEDITION TO OHIO—HIS DEFEAT ON THE MONONGAHELA—  
HIS DEATH—DISASTROUS RESULTS—1754-1755

DINWIDDIE was full of wrath when Washington reached Williamsburg with the news of his discomfiture and the state of affairs beyond the mountains. His zeal, useful as it was, greatly exceeded his military discretion, though this is not to imply for a moment that he was out of temper with Washington. Indeed, he warmly thanked both him and his men, as did also the Virginia legislature, and well they may have, seeing how bravely they had conducted themselves under dangers that no military commander would have sent so weak a force to face. Dinwiddie's ire was expended rather on the dilatoriness with which the other colonies had supported his efforts, for to this he attributed the discomfiture of his little army. The affair of the Great Meadows, we may well believe, was now the talk of the back country from New Orleans to Lake Erie and the joy of Canada. No English trader dare any longer cross the mountains. British prestige had vanished in the West, and the French were everywhere paramount; yet the

colonists were still quarrelling briskly, both with one another and with their governors, concerning land grants and patents situated in this very country.

The Virginia legislature, as I have said, passed a vote of thanks to Washington and his men, and expressed proper regret at their misfortunes. Importuned by Dinwiddie, they voted £20,000 for military purposes, but again saddled with some irrelevant condition that the Governor was, by his instructions, not free to sign. Soon afterwards, however, they voted the money without the obnoxious rider. "Thank God," wrote the distraught official in the middle of this contest, "I have never before had to do with such obstinate and self-conceited people. A governor is truly an object of pity."

The British ambassador at Paris in the meantime had made urgent representations to the Government of Versailles regarding what his nation considered to be the unjustifiable occupation of the Ohio Valley, but to no purpose.

In the preceding year the lords of

the board of trade and plantations had ordered the various Governors of colonies to make some efforts at combination, and the result had been a conference at Albany, where representatives from seven provinces met, both to discuss this question and to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations who had ready access to the New York frontier town. Benjamin Franklin, from Pennsylvania, already held to be one of the most capable men in the country, had elaborated a scheme of colonial combination that was pronounced to be excellently conceived, and went a considerable way towards the results that in later days were so painfully but successfully achieved without the help of England. Neither party, however, were prepared to accept it. The mother country thought it gave the colonists too much power, while the latter, on the other hand, jealous of a fault of their independence, thought Franklin's scheme encroached on what they already possessed. The commissioners were the best men of their respective colonies, and approved of the plan, but they had no authority to act, and their constituents were not in accord with them.

The desperate endeavours of the French to undermine the attachment of the Six Nations towards the English, and procure their support, had not been without effect, and they had been materially assisted by the bad conduct of the Dutch traders from the Hudson, and even of the New York Commissioners. Detachments of these hitherto staunch tribes had been already enticed away, some into Canada, others southward into the Ohio Valley. The revolt of the Iroquois (to use a convenient term), whom the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had actually recognised as English subjects, would have been disastrous. Of infinite service, however, at this crisis was a young Irishman of good birth, named Johnson, who had settled in the back country on the Mohawk River and acquired an immense influence over these particular nations. He was now, of course, at Albany in person, and the

Indian chiefs did not mince their words. They accused the English of deserting them, while the French were continually soliciting their friendship; of failing to build forts, while their enemies were swarming into the country; of already discussing the partition of their lands, and of quarrelling at that very moment with the French about territory that belonged to neither; while for the Dutch traders from Albany they had not a good word to say. The Six Nations were, in fact, on the very verge of repudiating the old alliance. Johnson, however, was the man of the hour, who stepped into the breach—one of those many Britons whose sway over native races has been of more profit to his country than rifles and regiments, and we shall hear of him again.

The Dutch and English, as I have before noted, were, for all practical purposes, one people; but the Germans of Pennsylvania and the Jerseys were, in Franklin's opinion, a wholly undesirable element, and even a dangerous one in times like these. He admits that they were plodding, industrious and peaceable, but their rapid increase and rejection of the language of their adopted country made him fear that the province of Pennsylvania might in time become wholly German, and the English tongue actually die out. In the legislature and the law courts their language, he says, was becoming an intolerable nuisance, and their stupidity, he declares, alarmed him. People were even beginning to consider whether it was advisable to admit them at all as immigrants. They not only refused to arm in defence of the province, but mocked openly at those who did, and were in the habit of remarking that they would as soon be under French as English rule.\*

A little of the most Christian king, of his archbishops and his thieving

\* The familiar American colloquialisms "Yankee Dutchman," "Pennsylvania Dutch," have no allusion to the Dutch proper of New York, but apply wholly to the German-American stock of Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States.

officials and iron-fisted generals would very soon have satisfied these poor ignorant Lutherans. Yet, in spite of Franklin's contempt for their persons and his dread of their numbers, it may not be amiss to remember that either want or the attraction of pay made soldiers eventually of many of them, for our present 60th Rifles, as will soon appear, chiefly consisted in its inception of German-Americans. But the result of all this chaos, this jealousy between colonies, this general inability to divine the future, and helplessness in face of a determined and united foe, was an urgent demand on the Home Government to send out troops and a competent general.

Parliament met in November, 1754, and money was then voted for the despatch of troops to His Majesty's American plantations—only, be it noted, for their protection—no declaration of war being so much as hinted at. So before January was out, the 44th and 48th regiments of the line had sailed from Cork Harbour, and a fleet of transports was labouring heavily westwards through the wintry seas.

England at this moment was neither happy in her rulers nor well equipped for war. Her navy, it is true, was considerable, but her army had been reduced to twenty thousand men—about the number, in fact, that the small provinces of New England four,

years later placed in the field. Her generals were of very moderate capacity, though among the younger officers there was some rising talent, which jobbery and corruption could not wholly strangle. Affairs of state, too, were just now in lamentable hands. The ridiculous Newcastle, to whom politics, in its petty sense, was a passion, and who had no conception of anything loftier than distributing patronage with

the sole object of retaining office, was Prime Minister. Sir Thomas Robinson had charge of the colonies, in connection with whom it has been said that Newcastle's crowning feat was in finding a coadjutor who was a greater fool than himself. If there had been reasonable prospects of a lasting peace, the British ambassador at Paris, Lord Albemarle, was not calculated to improve them. His success as an absorber of lucrative positions without capacity for any of them is the text of a somewhat memorable paragraph

on the value of good manners in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. He points out the moral of "a mere Dutch gentleman, without estate, learning, parts, political abilities or application," achieving such a position by "his air, his address, his manners, and his graces." He was infatuated with a French mistress, who not only ruined him but sold his secrets to the Government. Albemarle died just before the English expedition sailed, and



BRITISH SOLDIERS, 1759

A heavy and light Dragoon and two Guardsmen. The cap of the Guardsmen is of German origin, and was in general use by the English Grenadiers of this period. The heavy Dragoon is on the right. The breeches are of leather, the coat is scarlet. From Luard's *History of the Dress of the British Soldier*, London, 1852, p. 95.

it was then too late for diplomacy to do anything but stave off the inevitable conflict. But this France alone was interested in doing till her preparations were complete. Great Britain, though her statesmen talked peace, made no further pretensions to act it.

It must not be supposed, however, that the despatch of the British force had been unobserved by France. On the contrary, it was regarded, in some sort, as a challenge, and 3,000 soldiers, with a new Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, sailed, after much delay and under a strong naval escort, from Brest, early in May. Yet, in the face of these unmistakable demonstrations, the two Governments assured each other of their sentiments of mutual friendship and esteem, advancing at the same time their respective claims in America, which were hopelessly irreconcilable. If the secret instructions deposited with each commander had at that moment been published to the world, they would have caused no little astonishment. Boscawen and Holborne, with some eighteen ships of the line between them, were in the meantime despatched in two parties to cut off the French, an attempt which met with very little success. Off the coast of Nova Scotia, however, two advanced British ships came up with an equal number of French stragglers, the *Alcide* and the *Lys*. Hocquart, the commander of the *Alcide*, demanded, through a speaking trumpet, of Howe (afterwards Lord Howe), of the *Dunkirk*, whether it was peace or war. A French account runs that Howe called out "*La Paix, La Paix*," and after inquiring the French captain's name poured a broadside into him. Howe's story is that he replied he did not know till he had signalled to Boscawen, but he advised Hocquart to be prepared for war. Then came the signal to fight, and the action opened which ended with the capture of the two French ships, carrying eight companies of soldiers, and the loss of eighty-six men on the French side and thirty-four on the British. The rest of the French fleet were safe in Louis-

bourg Harbour. The news of this fresh collision caused some excitement in Europe. The Versailles Government recalled its ambassador, but still shrank from declaring war. All this took place in the month of June, during which events of still more serious moment were hastening to a crisis in the forests of the Alleghanies.

On the 20th of February the small British armament cast anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when General Braddock, who was in command, proceeded at once to Williamsburg, the capital of the colony, to confer with its eager and expectant Governor, Dinwiddie. The fleet then sailed up the Potomac and deposited the troops where the Virginia town of Alexandria, then in its infancy, now looks across the broad river towards the noble buildings of the city of Washington. These two regiments were the first substantial force of British regulars that had ever landed on American soil, unless, indeed, we go back to that curious revolt against Governor Berkeley in 1676 and the brief civil war in Virginia, which was finally extinguished by the landing of a mixed battalion of Guards.

Concerning Braddock,\* seeing that his name has been immortalized by the tragedy for which some hold him, in part, accountable, a word or two must be said. He was now over sixty years of age, and was the choice of the Duke of Cumberland, then commander-in-chief. As he had neither wealth nor influence, American warfare not being in request by fortune's favourites, we may fairly suppose that he was selected on his merits. No name has been more irresponsibly played upon, and few reputations, perhaps, more hardly used than Braddock's by most writers of history and nearly all writers of fiction. His personality, from its very contrast to the wild woods in which he died, has caught the fancy of innumerable pens, and justice has been sadly sacrificed to picturesque effect. One is almost inclin-

\*No portrait of Braddock is known.—Editor CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

ed to think that the mere fact of his name beginning with a letter which encourages a multiplication of strenuous epithets, has been against him. He is regarded as the typical redcoat of the Hanoverian period by all American writers—burly, brutal, blundering, blasphemous, but happily always, and without a dissentient note, brave—brave indeed as a lion. This familiar picture of our poor general, as a corpulent, red-faced, blaspheming bulldog, riding roughshod over colonial susceptibilities, tones down amazingly when one comes to hard facts. Legends of his former life are, with peculiar lack of generosity, quoted for what they are worth, and when examined they seem to be worth nothing. Walpole airs his wit in one or two doubtful aspersions, and a play of Fielding's is with little reason supposed to satirize the general's earlier years. What is really known about Braddock is in his favour. Vanquished in a duel, he had been too proud to ask his life. In command at Gibraltar he was "adored by his men," and this though he was notorious as a strict disciplinarian, a quality which Wolfe at this very time declares to be the most badly needed one in the British army. He had been in the Guards, had enjoyed a private income of some £300 a year, which it may be noted, since spendthrift is one of the epithets hurled at him, he slightly increased during his lifetime. The night before Braddock sailed, he went with his two aides, Burton and Orme, to see Mrs. Bellamy, and left her his will, drawn up in favour of her husband. He also produced a map, and remarked with a touch of melancholy, that he was "going forth to conquer whole worlds with a handful of men, and to do so must cut his way through unknown woods." He was, in fact, the first British general to conduct a considerable campaign in a remote wilderness. He had neither precedents nor the experience of others to guide him, and he found little help in the colonies where he had been taught

to look for much. He has been accused of disparaging the colonial irregulars and neglecting to utilize the Indians. As to the first taunt, having regard to the appearance and discipline of the provincial troops that were paraded before Braddock, he would not, as a soldier trained on European fields, have been human had he refrained from all open criticism; as to the second, we shall see that it was untrue. Information regarding colonial resources was then vague in England. Braddock had been given to understand that the transport and commissariat would be provided by Virginia and her neighbours; whereas he now found that not only was nothing ready, but that there was no ground even for future expectations in that particular. If, as an officer of the Cumberland *régime*, he had used the vigorous language of that school, it would surely have been almost justified by circumstances; but there is no particular evidence that he did even so much. His accomplishments in this line are in all probability part of the more or less fancy dress in which writers have delighted to clothe him. Robert Orme, of the 35th regiment, and recently of the Coldstreams, was one of the general's aide-de-camps, and has left us an invaluable journal of this expedition. Orme was highly thought of both by regulars and provincials, and regarded as a man of great sense and judgment, even by those who did not like Braddock and thought him, from their colonial point of view, uncivilized and overbearing. Orme in his private diary gives no hint that Braddock was the violent, unreasonable, foul-mouthed person of the magazine writer. He was as much disheartened as his chief by the appearance and seeming temper of the colonial troops, and dwells on the trying conditions which Braddock had to meet and the energy and honesty with which he endeavoured to do his duty.

The two British regiments in the meantime were being raised from 500



men to a strength of 700 by provincial enlistment. The 44th was commanded by Sir Peter Halkett, a good officer, who, ten years previously, had been captured by the Pretender and released on parole. The 48th were under Dunbar, who acquitted himself but poorly, as we shall see. The camp of exercise on the Potomac was a strange and inspiring sight to the colonists, who had now begun in some sort to realize the French danger. With all their seeming apathy, the Virginians and Marylanders were staunchly loyal. The echoes from far-off European fields, won or fiercely disputed by the intrepidity of British soldiers, were still ringing in their ears. Stories of Dettingen and Fontenoy were yet told by cabin fires and on the planters' shady porches by new-comers from England, and sometimes, no doubt, by men who had assisted in those glorious victories and scarcely less glorious defeats. Here now were these redoubtable redcoats, gay in all the glitter and panoply of war, actually marching and manœuvring on the warm soil of the Old Dominion. If there had been anything in this French scare, there was now, at any rate, no further cause for alarm. It was a great opportunity, too, for the gentry of the Potomac shore to indulge at the same time their loyal and their social instincts. Tradition says that the ladies appreciated the situation more than the gentlemen of the colony, who were not over-pleased at the supercilious bearing of the British officers. Washington, whose estate at Mount Vernon lay within a few miles of the Alexandria camp, was a frequent visitor. A stickler always for punctilio, and with a keen sense of justice, he had resented an order which placed all king's officers over all provincial officers, irrespective of rank or experience, and before Braddock's landing had resigned his commission. Such a keen soldier as he was sorely tantalized, we may be sure, by all this pomp of war. Nobody ever seems to have thought of snubbing Washington, and to save him the indignity he would not

stomach, namely, that of ranking, colonel as he was, under a British ensign, Braddock with kindly forethought placed him on his personal staff. Curiously enough, there seems to have been no general misgiving as to the ability of these well-drilled redcoats to meet the French and Indians in the heart of the forests. On the contrary, save for an occasional note of doubt, the middle colonies only saw in these invincible warriors an instrument which was to sweep the French forever from their path and from their minds.

A council of colonial governors and British officers was held at Alexandria on April 14th, when a definite plan for the season's operations was drawn up. The chief expedition, of course, was that of Braddock and his regulars against Fort Duquesne, already decided upon. But it was thought advisable to distract the French at other points with such forces as the British Americans had at their disposal. Shirley, the clever and capable Governor of Massachusetts, though of middle age and no soldier, had some passion for military glory, and was immensely gratified at being placed in command of a force destined for the capture of Niagara. Acadia, now in the throes of those troubles alluded to in a former chapter, was to be the scene of a vigorous movement by Monckton against the troublesome French fort of Beauséjour on the boundary. Johnson, the backwoods statesman and soldier, was to strike at the chain of lakes which led due north from Albany to Canada and formed that famous and blood-stained highway between the two countries which will be the scene of many later chapters in this book. For the present it will be enough to say that these blows were to be struck almost entirely by the better organized provincial militia of the Northern colonies. The limited nature of their success will be briefly alluded to hereafter, and the remainder of this chapter will be devoted to that tragic and memorable disaster known as "Braddock's defeat."

In Canada there were now available, or soon would be, 3,000 troops of the line, in addition to the 2,000 marine or colony regulars and the colonial militia, estimated at about 15,000. Nor does this include the Louisbourg garrison, numbering 1,400 regulars. What fraction of this force had moved southwards through the vast wilderness to Fort Duquesne no one for a certainty then knew. It was the key to the Ohio Valley, and, indeed, to the whole situation, and strenuous efforts would be made to hold it. There were not believed to be as yet more than 500 white troops on the spot, but the number of Indians was an entirely unknown quantity, and they were quite as formidable so long as they remained in real earnest on the war-path.

As regards Indian help for Braddock, Dinwiddie had undertaken that 120 warriors should be at his service. It was not his fault that less than half that number, and those anything but zealous, came straggling in. They were hampered, moreover, with women and children, that the provincial officers assured Braddock that the tax on the commissariat would be greater than the assistance of so small a number was worth. The general has been roundly accused of despising Indian help, whereas he never had a chance to reject it in any substantial form, though he made all the advances which his somewhat helpless position admitted of; indeed, he made their backwardness one of his chief complaints. As it was, less than a dozen went through to the end with him as scouts. Braddock had now been two months in Virginia, and in spite of indefatigable exertions found himself thwarted and balked at every turn. If he showed some temper and used strong language, he may well be excused, for though 1,500 horses and 125 waggons were needed, and had been promised, by the end of April, 25 waggons only had been secured, and those mostly by his own exertions! There were, in fact, no waggons to speak of in all Virginia. They were not then necessary to its

single industry, as anyone familiar with that country and its peculiar conditions can readily understand.

Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster at Philadelphia, was at the general's right hand, dining daily at his table—"the first capable and sensible man I have met in the country," wrote poor Braddock to his Government.\* Franklin undertook the waggon business, and with great effect he turned to Pennsylvania, a colony of prosperous small farmers, apathetic as to the war, but possessed of abundant agricultural requisites. Franklin appealed not to their patriotism, but to their pockets, or rather to their fears, telling them roundly that it would be better to hire their waggons and teams to His Majesty's Government than wait till they were dragooned, as with a fine touch of ready audacity he assured them they certainly would be. He, moreover, pledged his personal credit, and both the required waggons and several hundred horses were collected in a few days. With the food contractors in Virginia, too, there was infinite difficulty: the meat was rancid, the flour was short, while many of the horses were afterwards stolen by the very men who had sold them. Whatever were Braddock's faults, and one of them, no doubt, was cursing both the country and the Government which sent him there, he at least spared neither himself nor his private purse, which last he drew upon freely, Orme tells us, in his struggle for ways and means.

Wills Creek or Fort Cumberland, a former trading station some hundred miles westward up the Potomac, was to be the actual base of the expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was behind the settlements, and stood amid a stump-strewn clearing in the forests on the Maryland shore of the river. By the middle of May, and by various routes, Braddock's whole force had gathered at this backwoods station, which was bounded on one side by the

\*Franklin, it must be admitted, did not return Braddock's regard.

river and on the other three by the leafy walls of the primeval forest Braddock himself had crossed the Blue Ridge into the valley of the Shenandoah, and paid a visit *en route* to the eccentric Lord Fairfax, near the backwoods village of Winchester, where Washington joined his staff. Thence, moving northward, he crossed the Potomac, resumed command of his army at Fort Cumberland, and after a few more struggles with belated contractors of food, forage, or horses, by the 7th of June was in a condition to commence his march with safety.

The small force was divided into two brigades. The first was under Sir Peter Halkett,\* and contained the 44th regiment, now numbering 700 effective men, with 230 New York, Virginia, and Maryland rangers and 50 carpenters. The second brigade, under Dunbar, included the 48th regiment, 650 strong, 170 rangers from the Carolinas, somewhat less from Virginia, and 35 carpenters, in all nearly 2,000 men. It was absolutely necessary to take supplies for not less than nine weeks, since 122 miles of rugged and heavily wooded mountain country had to be traversed, where no subsistence worth mentioning for either man or beast was to be found, to say nothing of the provisions for the troops to be left as garrisons of the backwoods fortress which they hoped to capture. The 44th, under Halkett, were the first to enter the forest; next came the provincials, under Burton, while Dunbar and the 48th, with the general and his staff, brought up the rear. Washington, who from illness and other private reasons, had been as yet little with Braddock, ventured to contest the sweeping verdict of the harassed general, namely, that the population of these colonies consisted chiefly of knaves or fools. But Washington had not shared his commander's troubles, though he had plenty of his own of a like nature a few months later, and has left comments upon them as strong as poor Braddock's. All the sympathy the unfortunate general got from

the British public was probably expressed with tolerable accuracy by Horace Walpole, who amused his fellow-dandies at St. James' by remarking that Braddock seemed "in no hurry to get scalped."

The route followed to the Great Meadows was much the same as that used by Washington and his small force in the preceding year, but now a road twelve feet wide had to be opened over the rugged, tree-encumbered ground. Its course lay neither over veldt, nor plain, nor prairie, nor sandy desert, nor Russian steppe; but over two high ranges of mountains and several lesser ridges, clad in the gloom of mighty forests, littered with the wreckage of unnumbered years, riven this way and that by turbulent streams, and swarming with hostile Indians.

After a day or two's march it was generally recognized, Orme tells us, that the loads must be lightened. This done, and the officers' kits reduced to bare necessities, they even then took a week to reach the Little Meadows, only twenty miles from Fort Cumberland; and the long line, which had to guard against a surprise at every point, straggled over four miles. A strange enough sight in those wild woods must have been the long train of jolting waggons, dragged by ill-conditioned horses, growing daily weaker; the clumsy tumbrils, and artillery and ammunition carts jolting and crashing over the rough-made track; the strings of heavy laden pack-horses, stung by deer-flies and goaded by the drivers' whips, sliding and slipping over limestone slabs, and floundering amid stumps and roots; the droves of stunted cattle shambling unwillingly along the unfenced track; the fresh-faced soldiery, in tight scarlet uniforms, pigtails and pipeclay, mitre hats and black gaitered legs, sweltering in the fierce, unwonted heat of an American midsummer sun, whose vertical rays pierce even the rich canopy of leaves that high June spreads aloft,

\* See Frontispiece.

and which rustle so temptingly in breezes unfelt below.

By the 19th of June it was evident to Braddock and his officers, including Washington, that greater expedition must be made. To press on with a small force merely carrying rations was out of the question. Indian runners had stated the French at Duquesne to be as yet comparatively few, but the number of their savage allies was altogether outside calculation. Without artillery the fort would require a long siege—was, in fact, impregnable; and lastly, it was perilous any longer to venture in small numbers into a country towards which the French were hastening in unknown strength. The pace, however, was somewhat mended by leaving 600 men, including the sick, and all the weaker horses, to come leisurely on with Dunbar; while Braddock with 1,200 regulars and 200 of the best provincials, pressed forward at a somewhat less snail-like rate. Washington was so ill with fever that Braddock absolutely compelled him to stay with Dunbar's rear column, promising upon his honour to have him sent forward to the front in time for the fight. "I would not miss it for £500," wrote the ardent young soldier to his friends in Virginia. So Braddock, making the patient, in his turn, solemnly promise to take "Dr. James's powders, the best medicine in the world," pressed on with his reduced column. They had still 92 miles between them and Fort Duquesne, but now managed to achieve between five and six miles a day. Sometimes their slow progress lay through open forests, where the giant stems of oak and poplar, chestnut and maple rose from a clean carpet of fallen leaves, or spread their leafy roof over wide-stretching and luxuriant masses of rhododendrons and azaleas, just now in the very zenith of their bloom; at other times they were brushing between sombre walls of cypress and hemlock which hid the sunlight and the heat from dank, deep soils where the moss-grown carcasses of fallen trees lay heaped together in all stages of

decay. Now the long column was clinging precariously to a precipitous hillside, beneath which some pent-up torrent churned and roared. Now it was struggling—cattle, horses, wag-gons and men—in some rocky channel, where a shrunken stream trickled amid the *débris* of its winter floods. Signs of French and Indians were plentiful, but as yet they kept their distance, filling the measure of their hostility with taunts and ribald verses smeared upon the trees. Admirable discipline was maintained, and every precaution that prudence required was observed by Braddock. Men were thrown out upon both flanks marching abreast through the trees, while beyond these again scouting parties ranged the woods. A careless straggler was occasionally killed and scalped, but no party of the enemy ventured an attack on the column, attenuated though it of necessity was. Christopher Gist, Washington's former guide, acted again in that capacity, while a handful of Indians and mounted Virginians cautiously probed the forest in advance.

On the 7th of July, after a month's march, the column arrived within a dozen miles of its destination, and its difficulties seemed almost over. Whatever reinforcements might have reached Fort Duquesne, the French and their allies could hardly be in great strength, or some sort of demonstration would surely have been made, particularly as the Indians had small liking for open spaces and artillery. "Men and officers," says Orme, "had now become so skilful in the woods that they were no longer in fear of an ambuscade." Nor did Braddock for that matter, as is often loosely stated, eventually run into one. The army was now within a few miles of the Monongahela, which rolled with broad and shallow current on the left and in a northwesterly direction to its junction with the Alleghany. These two rivers unite to form the Ohio, and in the angle of their junction, on a site now



buried amid the smoke and din of Pittsburgh, then stood the lonely fortress.

The shortest route for Braddock was to continue his course parallel with that of the Monongahela, but the broken nature of the country made the risk too great. It was decided, therefore, to ford the river and recross it at a spot some five miles lower down and eight from the French fortress. On the next day, July the 8th, the column moved down to within a couple of miles of the first ford, and there bivouacked for the night. It was to prove the last sleep from which one-half, at any rate, of the poor fellows who there made their beds of leaves and pine brush were ever to awaken. Washington, in accordance with Braddock's promise, was brought up that evening, though still weak with fever, having left Dunbar and his 600 men at a spot called Rock Fort, some fifty miles in the rear. The troops were to cross the river twice in the course of the next day's march, and if all was well would camp sufficiently near the fort to strike it on the following morning, for progress had now become much easier. At dawn Sir John Sinclair, with the engineers and axemen, went forward, as usual, to clear the road. At sunrise Gage, of later and less favourable notoriety in the Revolutionary war, but now a promising young brevet-colonel, with 300 men and two guns, marched out of camp to occupy the second ford, some five miles below the first. It was eight o'clock when the main body waded the Monongahela, and it had scarcely entered the oak forests which clothed the further bank, when a messenger from Gage arrived announcing that he held the further ford. It was past noon when the rest of the column arrived there, and the reunited force was drawn up by Braddock preparatory to making the passage of the river, at this spot about two hundred yards broad, with some pomp and circumstance.

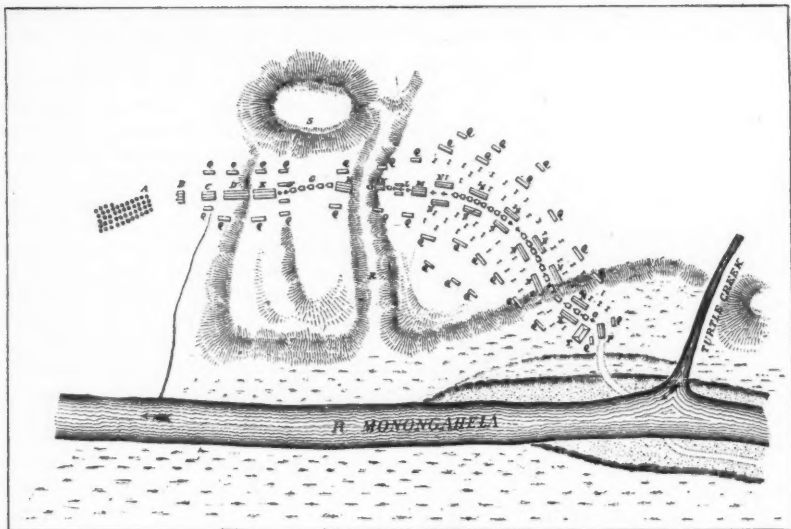
Beyond the river the ground swelled up into low hills, clad with the inevitable forest. No enemy was visible, but from behind that vast screen of foliage

many a pair of eager eyes, both French and Indian, were fastened on the broad sheen of sunlit waters which here broke for a space the forest and its illimitable canopy of leaves. Knowing this full well, and regarding with some justice the abandonment of both fords as a confession of weakness, Braddock determined to effect this last passage of the Monongahela in a fashion worthy the soldiers of a proud empire coming to enforce its outraged rights. So the troops were marched across by companies with much precision and with colours flying, while drum and fife and bugle woke the echoes of the woodland wilderness with stirring and familiar strains.

Reforming on the farther bank, the column moved forward in much the same order and with apparently no less caution than before. Half a dozen Indians and some Virginia light horsemen felt the country in advance. Then came the road-makers with Gage, his two guns and 300 men, while as many yards behind followed the main column. It was now about eight miles to the fort, and the order was to march till three o'clock, when the last camp would be pitched before what was fondly looked for as the crowning triumph of the morrow.

In this order the troops had proceeded the better part of a mile, and had reached a spot where the underbrush grew thicker than usual beneath the trees. The vanguard under Gage had just crossed a shallow ravine, when the scouts and horsemen came rapidly in, and at the same moment Gordon, the engineer who was making out the road, caught sight of a man dressed as an Indian but wearing the gorget of an officer, running towards him. The latter, as soon as he saw the English, pulled up short and waved his hat over his head, when the woods in front became of a sudden alive with warriors, and the Indian war-whoop ringing from nearly a thousand throats shook the arches of the forest with its novel and appalling clamour. Forms innumerable, some in white uniforms, some in blue, still more in the weird feathered



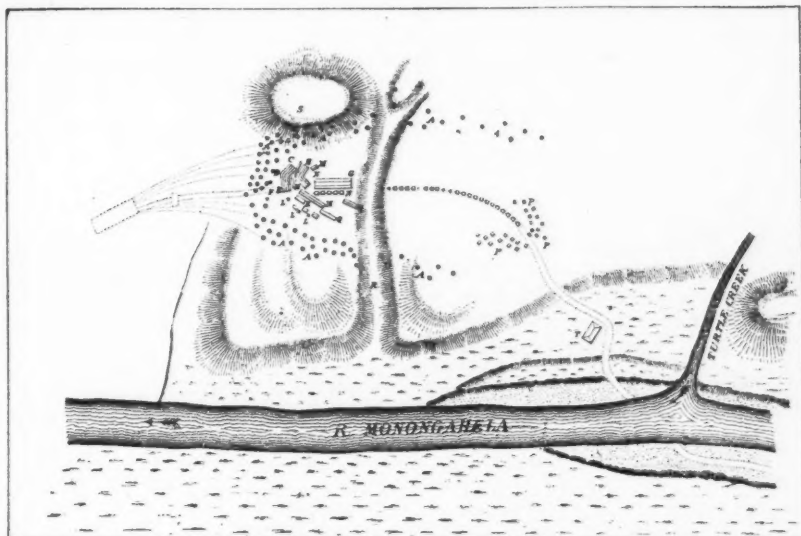


A SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 9TH ON THE MONONGAHELA, SHEWING THE DISPOSITION OF THE TROOPS WHEN THE ACTION BEGAN

A—French and Indians. B—Guides. C—British Vanguard. Q—Flank Guards. N—Main Body upon the flanks of the Convoy, with the Cattle and Packhorses between them and the Flank Guards. S—A Hill from which the Indians did most of the execution. T—Fraser's House.—From a Contemporary Plan made by Pat MacKellar, Engineer.

head-dress and garish pigments of the Indian, could be seen speeding to right and left among the trees. In a few moments a musketry fire, at first desultory, but as each fresh enemy found cover quickening rapidly into a formidable fusillade, poured in upon Gage's men. For a short time many of the foe were visible, and the small British vanguard wheeled into line and delivered two or three volleys with steadiness and precision. But the enemy, with a far greater superiority of aim than the modern Boer has over the modern red-coat, and with a bright-coloured exposed target such as was rarely offered to him in forest warfare, was already playing deadly havoc. The British bullets did little more than sliver the bark from trees and cut the saplings. Gage's two guns, however, were brought into action, and fired three volleys of grape and canister, which seem to have accounted for much of the slight mortality which the enemy experienced on

this fatal day. Indeed, if the British, enveloped in that thickening canopy of smoke and leaves and already shaken by such a hail of lead from almost unseen foes, had only known it, the moment was a critical one for the enemy. De Beaujeu, their leader, whose waving hat had been the sign of the battle, was lying dead in the bushes. Dumas, who succeeded to the command, has told us how his hundred and fifty Canadians, headed by their two young officers, had fled shamefully at the first discharge of grape, crying "*saute qui peut*," how the main body of the British infantry were coming up behind the smoke with loud shouts of "God save the King!" and how the six hundred Indians, flinching as ever from artillery, were leaving their cover and showing signs of abandoning the field to himself and his officers and the seventy French regulars who held their ground. With infinite presence of mind and a gallantry that Dumas himself some-



A—The French and Indians behind trees, and outflanking the British. P—The Rear Guard divided and attacked by a few Indians. C. D. E. H. K. M. N. Q.—The British Mass. This confusion lasted about two hours, the British vainly endeavouring to recover the guns (F) and to gain the Hill (S), but without success. Finally they retreated.

Braddock, when the firing grew hot enough to show that his vanguard was seriously engaged, pressed rapidly up with the main column, leaving Sir Peter Halkett with 400 men, including most

The doubtful moment with the Indians seems to have passed when the main body and the vanguard of the British melted into one. Henceforth it was an almost purely Indian fight and of a nature more astoundingly one-sided than had ever occurred in the annals of backwoods warfare. From right and left and front, and from an enemy that was practically invisible, a deadly fire that scarcely tested the well-known accuracy of the men behind the rifles was poured for two hours into bewildered, huddling groups of redcoats.

It was a butchery rather than a battle. Anglo-Saxon writers have followed one another in monotonous abuse of these two hapless battalions. The French victor, Dumas, is more generous when he tells us they remained to be shot at for two hours with obstinate firmness. Braddock was a helpless amateur at such work, and his men still more so. Hopelessly disorganized, they crowded together in groups, firing wildly into the trees or into the air, or sometimes even into their own comrades.

Braddock proved himself a very lion in combat, but his reckless courage was of no avail. His officers exposed their lives with splendid valour, but the sacrifice was useless. To fight enemies they could not see, and who mowed them down like corn, was something terribly novel to the routine British soldier of that day, brave and staunch though he was amid more familiar dangers. In vain it was endeavoured, by planting the regimental standards in the ground, to disentangle the medley. It was in vain that officer after officer gathered together small groups of men and led them into the teeth of the storm. They were picked off with deadly accuracy, and their followers, bereft of leadership, thrown back upon the slaughter pen. Among others, Burton, whose name was the last spoken by Wolfe's dying lips four years later on the Plains of Abraham, led a hundred men against the fatal hill, but fell wounded in the attempt. One may ask, perhaps, whether bayonet charges, however well delivered, would have availed much against so widely scattered and so nimble a foe in the blind depths of the forest. Backwoods warfare against the most formidable savage warrior that the world has ever seen was an art in itself that only much backwoods training could acquire. The Red Indian knew no fear. He seldom threw his life away, like equally brave white men, to no purpose, as war with him was a game to be properly played, and this perhaps made him more dangerous. He was liable,

too, to moods and tempers; but when he made war in earnest he was terrible, and was always at least equal to the same number of picked backwoodsmen in a stand-up fight. Braddock's men were not picked backwoodsmen, and war on the Ohio was very different from war in Flanders. On this dire occasion the only savages that could be seen were those whose lust of trophies outdid their caution and urged them to rush out and risk the random fire while tearing the scalp from the bleeding heads of dead or wounded soldiers.

British officers as well as colonials who were there have declared that no pen could describe the scene. One actor in it wrote that the dreadful clangour of the Indian war-whoop would ring in his ears till his dying day. One can imagine the packhorses, stung to madness by bullet-wounds and fright, stumbling about among the dead and wounded, adding their dying shrieks to the general uproar, and the cattle, smitten by the fire of both sides, rushing terror-stricken through the woods. At the tail of the column towards the ford and in rear of the baggage, Halkett's 400 men, pressed by the advanced points of the Indian flank fire, were faring somewhat better, though Sir Peter himself was killed, and his son, while trying to raise him, fell dead by his side. Most of the hundred or so Virginia riflemen, about whose action in this fight a good deal of fable has gathered, were here. They did their duty, and fought gallantly behind trees according to backwoods custom. But the contemporary plan of the battle shows the attack on the rear guard to have been far weaker than where the mass of the demoralized redcoats drew the bulk of the fire.

The pandemonium had lasted over two hours. Only the waggoners and axemen so far had fled. Washington, in the thick of the fight, had nobly seconded his chief's endeavours. He was still unhurt, though several bullets had passed through his clothes and

two horses had been killed under him. Braddock, hoarse, hot, smoke-grimed, and stung with the bitterness of defeat, at last gave the signal for retreat. He was riding his fifth horse, and at this moment fell from it with a ball in his lungs. Orme, though himself severely wounded, and Captain Stewart, a Virginian, ran to his assistance. He begged to be left to die where he was, but first in a tumbril, and then on a led horse, he was forced along amid the general flight that had now commenced.

Everything was abandoned to the enemy—waggons, guns, cattle, horses, baggage, and £25,000 in specie, while scores of helpless wounded were left victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife. The long strain once loosened, it became a race for life by every man who could drag his legs behind him. Regulars and provincials splashed in panic and in dire confusion through the ford they had crossed in such pomp but three hours before. Arms and accoutrements were flung away in the terror with which men fled from those ghastly shambles. A few Indians followed the fugitives into the water, but none crossed it. There was no pursuit; with such a wealth of spoil and scalps on the battlefield, it would not have been Indian tactics.

Braddock, though suffering from a mortal wound, made an effort with his surviving officers to gather some men together and make a stand beyond the first ford. It was useless, however, and they soon found themselves alone. Beyond the second ford another attempt was made with no more success. From here Washington, Braddock's only uninjured aide-de-camp, was sent forward to Dunbar's camp, over sixty miles away, to hurry on help and provisions for the wounded. So fast did the foremost fugitives travel that they arrived there the following night, spreading dismay and consternation among the 600 men in camp, great numbers of whom, being provincials,

deserted and went home. The survivors of the tragedy came dropping in throughout the next two days, many of them hatless, coatless, and without arms. Waggons, medicines, and supplies were sent out along the trail, while Braddock, borne in a litter by two men, whom, Orme tells us, he had to bribe with a guinea and a bottle of wine, lay silent and suffering.

Even the dying hours of the gallant bulldog have been made the theme of much fanciful dialogue and garnished with fictitious utterances of grief at the disaster, and remorse for his supposed obstinacy and rashness. That he twice tried to arrest the stampede, and then took measures for the comfort of the wounded, is all that we know for certain of his last hours. He was unconscious at Rockfort, where it was decided to retire to Fort Cumberland, and as the waggons were required for the wounded, and the enemy were expected, the guns and stores that could not be moved were destroyed. At the Great Meadows, a stage beyond, Braddock died. He was buried there beneath the forest leaves, Washington reading the funeral service over his grave, while waggons were rolled over the fresh mould lest his remains should be found and desecrated. Twenty years later, when the wilderness had given way to civilization, his bones, recognized by the articles buried with him, were accidentally unearthed by a farmer's spade, and found a strange and discreditable resting-place in a glass case at a local museum.

Braddock, to be sure, was no great general. He was sent to carry out an undertaking, arduous and unprecedented in British experience, and did his best in the face of immense difficulties, human and physical. Both he and his people had perhaps grown a little too confident after crossing the second ford. Till then, however, he was entirely successful, and even so it was no ambush in the ordinary sense of the term. With his scouts farther forward he would have had, it is true, a little more notice; but under no cir-

cumstances were his regulars qualified to face even a lesser number of Indians in their native woods, while there were not 200 provincial combatants on the field of battle, and many of these had no backwoods experience whatever.

Out of 89 officers, 63 were killed or wounded. Of about 1,300 rank and file actual combatants not 500 came out unscathed, the greater number of the remainder being killed. Many were carried off to torture and death by the Indians, who are variously estimated at from 600 to 800. The French, who stayed with or near them, numbered about 70, while the 150 Canadians, as we saw, fled early in the fight. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was under fifty. The effect of this battle, which neither before nor since has had any exact parallel in British history, was prodigious. Shame and humiliation was felt in England, unbounded exultation in France, while the American colonists' faith in the invincibility of British soldiers was permanently shaken.

The victorious French at Fort Duquesne were scarcely less astonished than elated. We have plenty of written evidence how precarious they considered their position, and with what doubtful hopes of success they left the fort on the morning of July 9th. The blow in itself was bad enough; but Dunbar, a most indifferent soldier, and excusably regarded at the time as something worse, now succeeded to the command of the shattered force, and behaved as if the terror of the tragedy had entered into the very souls of himself and his troops. The effect of it upon the Indians was this time not merely a moral but a physical one, for it left the entire frontier of four colonies at their mercy. Dunbar, however, was not happy till he reached Philadelphia, whence he soon afterwards embarked with his men and sailed away for the north.

There was now a tremendous outcry and a general panic. The Indians,

hounded on by the French, and swarming in from the north and west, frequently led, too, by Canadian partisans, threw themselves upon the almost defenceless frontier of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and rolled it back amid an orgie of blood and fire and tears; while Washington, in command of 1,000 ill-disciplined and badly-officered militiamen, was set the hopeless task of defending a line nearly 400 miles in length.

He was only three-and-twenty, but was regarded as the natural protector of the colonies now threatened, and his letters from the western settlements of Virginia, throughout this autumn, winter and spring give a harrowing picture of the Indian terror that he was endeavouring to combat. From the thrifty settlements of the Scotch Irishmen, and the more adventurous among the Germans which were thickly sprinkled along the eastern troughs of the Alleghanies, came flying in crowds, horse, foot, and waggons, through the mountain passes. "They come through by fifties at a time," writes Washington, "and talk of surrendering to the French if no help comes from below." Braddock's road from the Ohio he speaks of as being beaten hard with moccasined feet, as if an army had been over it, while all the Western forests were alive with Indians. In Maryland, a little later, he counted 300 waggons in three days hurrying from the wasted settlements. From North Carolina to Western New York men were scalped and murdered by hundreds, and women and children in still greater numbers either treated in like fashion or driven into captivity behind the Alleghanies. The tears and supplications of the refugees were a daily torment to this at once tender and brave-hearted young leader of men, who chafed at the impotence to which he was consigned by bad and inefficient soldiers, worse officers, and a lack of everything but scurrilous abuse.



Braddock himself never probably used in conversation much stronger language than Washington has left in writing of the criminal indifference at this moment of his fellow-colonists who pulled the wires or held the purse-strings. A feeble line of block-houses was built along the frontier from the Hudson to the James, but the young Virginia commander notes with fine scorn that their militia garrisons take good care to stay inside them, though a bold forward policy was the only hope of successfully combating invasion. Landon Carter, head of the most famous and wealthy family in the colony, is equally trenchant, and swears that if there was an active king upon the throne of France he could conquer the whole country up to the Atlantic with ease. The Indian terror lasted for nearly two years, during which the destruction of life and property was awful, and the accompanying details

ghastly. It was complicated, moreover, in the south by a continual dread of a servile rebellion. In Virginia alone were 120,000 negroes whose minds were insidiously poisoned with the notion that a French triumph would insure their freedom. When the French influence was dead, and the Western Indians in after years were left face to face with the sons and grandsons, and even husbands and brothers of the victims of 1755-56, a deadly reckoning was taken.\* As the Scotch-Irish vanguard of American civilization slowly pushed their way across the Alleghanies towards the fertile plains of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, it would be ill guessing how much of fierce revenge for some unforgotten tragedy nerved the arms of the sinewy half-Puritan, half-lawless borderers who "won the West."

\*Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's book, "The Winning of the West," treats of this later period in an exhaustive and fascinating manner.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE SON OF HIS MOTHER

By L. M. MONTGOMERY



THYRA CAREWE was waiting for Chester to come home. She sat by the west window of the kitchen, looking out into the gathering of the shadows with the expectant immovability that characterized her. She never twitched or fidgeted. Into whatever she did she put the whole force of her nature. If it was sitting still, she sat still.

"A stone image would be twitchety beside Thyra," said Mrs. Cynthia Andrews, her neighbour across the lane. "It gets on my nerves, the way she sits at that window sometimes, with no more motion than a statue and her great eyes burning down the lane. When I read the commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' I declare I always think of Thyra. She

worships that son of hers far and ahead of her Creator. She'll be punished for it yet!"

Mrs. Andrews was watching Thyra now, knitting furiously as she watched, so as to lose no time. Thyra's hands were folded idly in her lap. She had not moved a muscle since she sat down. Mrs. Andrews complained that it gave her the creeps.

"It doesn't seem natural to see a woman sit so still," she said. "Sometimes I think, 'What if she's had a stroke like her old Uncle Horatio, and is sitting there stone dead!'"

The evening was cold and autumn-like. There was a fiery red spot out at sea where the sun had set, and above it, over a chill clear saffron sky, were heaps of purple-black clouds. The pond below the Carewe home-

stead was livid. Beyond it the sea was dark and brooding. It was an evening to make most people shiver and prophesy an early winter, but Thyra loved it as she loved all stern, harshly beautiful things. She would not light a lamp because it would blot out the savagesplendour of sea and sky. It was better to wait in the darkness until Chester came home. He was late to-night. She thought he had been detained overtime at the harbour, but she was not anxious. He would come straight home to her as soon as his business was completed; of that she felt sure.

Her thoughts spread out along the bleak harbour road to meet him. She could see him plainly, coming with his free stride over the sandy hollows and windy hills, in the harsh, cold light of that forbidding sunset, strong and handsome in his comely youth, with her own deeply-cleft chin and his father's dark-gray, straightforward eyes. No other woman in Midverne had a son like him, her only one. In his brief absences she yearned after him with a maternal passion that had in it something of physical pain, so intense was it. She thought of Cynthia Andrews, knitting across the road, with a contemptuous pity. That woman had no son—nothing but pale-faced girls! Thyra had never wanted a daughter, but she pitied and despised all sonless women.

Chester's dog whined suddenly and piercingly on the doorstep outside. He was tired of the cold stones and wanted his warm corner behind the stove. Thyra smiled grimly when she heard him. She had no intention of letting him in. She said she had always disliked dogs, but the truth, although she would not glance at it, was that she hated the animal because Chester loved him. She could not share his love with even a dumb brute. She loved no living creature in the world but her son, and fiercely demanded a like concentrated affection from him. Hence it pleased her to hear his dog whine.

It was now quite dark; the stars

had begun to shine out over the shorn harvest fields, and Chester had not come. Across the lane Cynthia Andrews had pulled down her blind, in despair of outwatching Thyra, and had lighted a lamp. Lively shadows of lithe girl shapes passed and re-passed on the pale oblong of light. They made Thyra conscious of her exceeding loneliness. She had just decided that she would walk down the lane and wait for Chester on the bridge, when a thunderous knock came at the east kitchen door.

She recognized August Vorst's knock and lighted a lamp in no great haste, for she did not like him. He was a gossip, and Thyra hated gossip in man or woman. But then August was privileged.

She carried the little lamp in her hand when she went to the door, and its upward-striking light gave her face a ghastly appearance. She did not mean to ask August in, but he pushed past her cheerfully, not waiting to be invited. He was a midget of a man, lame of foot and hunched of back, with a white, boyish face, despite his middle age, and malicious, deep-set black eyes.

He pulled a crumpled newspaper from his pocket and handed it to Thyra. He was the unofficial mail-carrier of Midverne. Most of the people gave him a trifle for bringing their letters and papers from the office. He earned small sums in various other ways, and so contrived to keep the life in his stunted body.

There was always venom in August's gossip. It was said that he made more mischief in a day in Midverne than was made otherwise in a year, but people tolerated him by reason of his infirmity. To be sure, it was the tolerance they gave to inferior creatures, and August felt this. Perhaps it accounted for a good deal of his malignity. He hated most those who were kindest to him and, of these, Thyra Carewe above all. He hated Chester, too, as he hated all strong, shapely creatures. His time had come at last to wound them both, and his ex-

ultation shone through his crooked body and pinched features like an illuminating lamp. Thyra perceived it and vaguely felt something antagonistic in it. She pointed to the rocking chair as she might have pointed out a mat to a dog.

August crawled into it and smiled. He was going to make her writhe presently, this woman who looked down upon him as some venomous, creeping thing she disdained to crush with her feet.

"Did you see anything of Chester on the road?" asked Thyra. "He went to the harbour after tea to see Joe Raymond about the loan of his boat, but it's past the time he should be back. I can't think what keeps the boy."

"What keeps most men—leaving out creatures like me—at some time or other in their lives: A girl—a pretty girl, Thyra. It pleases me to look at her. Even a hunchback can use his eyes, eh? Oh, she's a rare one!"

"What is the man talking about?" said Thyra wonderingly.

"Damaris Garland, to be sure. Chester's down at Garland's now, talking to her—and looking more than his tongue says, you may be sure. Well, well, we were all young once, Thyra—all young once, even crooked little August Vorst. Eh, now?"

"What do you mean?" said Thyra. She had sat down in a chair before him with her hands folded in her lap. Her face, always pale, had not changed, but her lips were curiously white. August Vorst saw this and it pleased him. Also, her eyes were worth looking at if you liked to hurt people—and that was the only pleasure August took in life. He would drink this delightful cup of revenge for her long years of disdainful kindness—ah, and he would drink it slowly to prolong its sweetness. Sip by sip—he rubbed his long, thin, white hands together—sip by sip, tasting each mouthful.

"Eh, now? You know well enough, Thyra."

"I know nothing of what you would

be at, August. You speak of my son and Damaris—was that the name?—Damaris Garland, as if they were something to each other. I ask you what you mean by it."

"Tut, tut, Thyra, nothing very terrible. Young men will be young men to the end of time, and there's no harm in Chester's liking to look at a lass, eh, now? Or in talking to her either? The little baggage, with the red lips of her! She and Chester will make a pretty pair. He's not ill-looking for a man, Thyra."

"I am not a very patient woman, August," said Thyra coldly. "I have asked you what you mean, and I want a straight answer. Is Chester down at Garland's while I have been sitting here alone waiting for him?"

August nodded. He saw that it would not be wise to trifle longer with Thyra.

"That he is. I was there before I came here. He and Damaris were sitting in a corner by themselves, and very well satisfied they seemed to be with each other. Tut, tut, Thyra, don't take the news so. I thought you knew. It's no secret that Chester has been going after Damaris ever since she came here. But what then? You can't tie him to your apron-strings forever, woman. He'll be after finding a mate for himself, as he should. Seeing that he's straight and well-shaped, no doubt Damaris will look with favour on him. Her old aunt Martha declares the girl loves him better than her eyes."

Thyra had made a sound like a strangled moan, in the middle of August's speech. She heard the rest of it immovably. When it came to an end she stood up and looked down upon him in a way that silenced him.

"You've told the news you came to tell, and gloated over it, and now get you gone," she said slowly.

"Now, Thyra," he began, but she interrupted him threateningly.

"Get you gone, I say! And you need not bring my mail here any longer. I want no more of your misshapen body and lying tongue."

August went, but at the door he turned for a parting stab.

"My tongue is not a lying one, Mrs. Carewe. I've told the truth as all Midverne knows it. Chester is mad about Damaris Garland. It's no wonder. I thought you knew what all the settlement can see. But you're such a jealous, odd body, I suppose the boy kept it from you for fear you'd go into a tantrum. As for me, I'll not forget that you've turned me from your door because I chanced to bring you news you'd no fancy for!"

Thyra did not answer him. When the door closed behind him she locked it and blew out the light. Then she threw herself face downward on the sofa and burst into hot, passionate tears. Her very soul ached. She wept as tempestuously and unreasonably as youth weeps, although she was not young. It seemed as if she was afraid to stop weeping lest she should go mad thinking. But after a time tears failed her, and she began bitterly to go over word by word what August Vorst had said.

That her son should ever cast eyes of love on any girl was something that Thyra had never thought about. She would not believe it possible that he could love anyone but herself, who loved him so much.

He had been born to her at an age when other women are letting their children slip from them into the world, with a few natural tears and heart-aches, it may be, but content to let them go after enjoying their sweetest years. Thyra's late-come motherhood was all the more intense and passionate for its delay. She had been very ill when her son was born, and lay helpless for long weeks while other women tended her baby for her. She had never been able to forgive them for this.

Her husband had died before Chester was a year old. She had laid their son in his dying arms and received him back again with a last benediction. To Thyra that moment had something of a sacrament in it. It was as if the child had been doubly given to her,

with a right that nothing could take away or transcend.

Marrying! She had never thought of it in connection with him. He did not come of a marrying race. His father had been an old man when he had married her, Thyra Lincoln, likewise well on in life. Few of the Lincolns or Carewes had married young; many not at all. And, to her, Chester was her baby still. He belonged solely to her.

And now another woman had dared to look upon him! Damaris Garland? Thyra now remembered seeing her. The Garlands were newcomers in Midverne, having moved into the old Pearson homestead in the summer. She had met Damaris on the bridge one day a month ago. A man might think she was pretty—a low-browed girl with a mane of reddish-gold hair and crimson lips blossoming out against the strange milk-whiteness of her skin! Her eyes, too! Thyra recalled them—hazel in tint, deep and laughter-brimmed. The girl had gone by her with a smile that brought out many dimples. There was a certain insolent quality in her beauty, as if it flaunted itself somewhat too defiantly in the beholder's eye. Thyra had turned and looked after the lithe, young shape, wondering who it might be. None of the Midverne girls, that was certain. Commonplace, pretty creatures that they were, this girl resembled them in no respect.

And to-night while she, his mother, waited longingly for Chester in the darkness he was down at Garland's, talking to this girl! He loved her; and it was past doubt that she loved him. The thought was more bitter than death to Thyra. That she should dare! Her anger was all against the girl. She had laid a snare for Chester and he like a fool was entangled in it, thinking, man fashion, only of her great eyes and red lips. Thyra thought savagely of Damaris' beauty.

"She shall not have him," she said with slow emphasis. "I will never give him up to any other woman, and least of all to her. She would leave

me no place in his heart at all—me, his mother, who almost died to give him life. He belongs to me! Let her look for the son of some other woman—some woman who has many sons. She shall not have my only one!”

She got up, wrapped a shawl about her head and went out into the darkly-golden evening. The clouds had cleared away and the moon was shining. The air was chill, with a bell-like clearness. The alders by the pond rustled eerily as she walked by them and out upon the bridge. Here she paced up and down, peering with troubled eyes along the road beyond, or hanging over the rail, looking at the little waves below that were silvered by the moon. Late travellers passed her and wondered at her presence and mien. Carl Andrews saw her and told his wife about her when he got home.

“Striding to and fro over the bridge like mad! At first I thought it was old crazy Mag Bowes. What do you suppose she was doing down there at this hour of the night?”

“Watching for Ches, no doubt,” said Cynthia. “He ain’t home yet. Likely he’s snug at Garland’s. I do wonder if Thyra suspicions that he goes after Damaris. I’ve never dared to hint it to her. She’d be as liable to fly at me, tooth and claw, as not.”

“Well, she picks out a precious queer night for moon-gazing,” said Carl, who was a jolly soul and took life as he found it. “It’s bitter cold—there’ll be a hard frost. It’s a pity she can’t get it grained into her that the boy’s grown up and must have his fling like other lads. She’ll go out of her mind yet, like her old grandmother Lincoln, if she doesn’t ease up. I’ve a notion to go down to the bridge and reason a bit with her.”

“Indeed and you’ll do no such thing!” cried Cynthia. “Thyra Carewe is best left alone if she is in a tantrum. She’s like no other woman in Midverne—or out of it. I’d as soon meddle with a tiger as her if she’s rampaging about Chester. I don’t envy Damaris Garland her life if she

goes in there. Thyra’d sooner strangle her than not, I guess.”

“You women are all terribly hard on Thyra,” said Carl good-naturedly. He had been in love with Thyra himself long ago, and he still liked her in a friendly fashion. He always stood up for her when the Midverne women ran her down. He felt troubled about her all night, recalling her as she paced the bridge. He wished he had gone back in spite of Cynthia.

When Chester came home he met his mother on the bridge. In the faint yet penetrating moonlight they looked curiously alike, but Chester had the milder face. He was very handsome. Even in the seething of her pain and jealousy Thyra yearned over his beauty. She would have liked to put up her hands and caress his face, but her voice was very hard when she asked him where he had been so late.

“I called in at Garland’s on my way home from the harbour,” he answered, trying to walk on. But she held him back by the arm.

“Did you go there to see Damaris?” she demanded fiercely.

Chester was uncomfortable. Much as he loved his mother, he felt and always had felt an awe of her and an impatient dislike to her dramatic ways of speaking and acting. He reflected resentfully that no other young man in Midverne, who had been paying a friendly call, would be met by his mother at midnight and held up in such tragic fashion to account for himself. He tried vainly to loosen her hold upon his arm, but he understood quite well that he must give her an answer. Being strictly straightforward by nature and upbringing, he told the truth, albeit with more anger in his tone than he had ever shown to his mother before.

“Yes,” he said shortly.

Thyra released his arm and struck her hands together with a sharp cry. There was a savage note in it. She could have slain Damaris Garland at that moment.

“Don’t go on so, mother,” said Chester impatiently. “Come in out



of the cold. It isn't fit for you to be here. Who's been tampering with you? What if I did go to see Damaris?"

"Oh—oh—oh," cried Thyra. "I was waiting for you—alone—and you were thinking only of her! Chester, answer me. Do you love her?"

The blood rolled rapidly over the boy's face. He muttered something and tried to pass on, but she caught him again. He forced himself to speak gently.

"What if I do, mother? It wouldn't be such a dreadful thing, would it?"

"And me—and me?" cried Thyra. "What am I to you then?"

"You are my mother. I would not love you any the less because I cared for another, too."

"I won't have you love another," she cried. "I want all your love—all. What's that baby face to you compared to your mother? I have the best right to you. I won't give you up."

Chester realized that there was no arguing with such a mood. He walked on, resolved to set the matter aside until she might be more reasonable. But Thyra would not have it so. She followed on after him, under the alders that crowded over the lane.

"Promise me that you'll not go there again," she entreated. "That you'll give her up!"

"I can't promise that," he cried angrily. His anger hurt her worse than a blow, but she did not answer.

"You're not promised to her?" she cried out.

"No mother; be quiet. All the village will hear you. It's not likely matters have gone as far as that between Damaris and me. I've only known her a month. Why do you object to her? You don't know how sweet she is—when you do know her—"

"I will never know her. And she shall not have you. She shall not, Chester!"

He made no answer. She suddenly broke into loud sobs and tears. Touched with remorse he stopped and put his arms about her.

"Mother, mother, don't. I can't bear to see you go on so. But, indeed, you are unreasonable. Didn't you ever think the time would come when I'd want to marry like any other man?"

"No, no. And I will not have it—I cannot bear it, Chester. You must promise to leave her be. I won't go into the house this night until you do. I'll stay out here in the bitter cold until you promise to put her out of your thoughts."

"That's beyond my power, mother. Oh, mother, you're making it hard for me! Come, come; you're shivering with cold now. You'll be sick."

"Not a step will I stir until you promise. Say you'll not go after that girl any more, and there's nothing I'll not do for you. But if you put her before me I'll not go in—I never will go in."

In most women this would have been an empty threat, but not so with Thyra, and Chester knew it. He knew she would keep her word. But he feared more than that. In this frenzy of hers what might she not do? She came of a strange brood, as had been said disapprovingly when Thomas Carewe married her. There was a strain of insanity in the Lincolns. A Lincoln woman had drowned herself once. Chester thought of the pond and grew sick with fright. For a moment even his passion for Damaris weakened before the older tie.

"Mother, calm yourself. Oh, surely there's no need of all this! Let us wait until to-morrow and talk it over then. I'll hear all you have to say. Come in, dear."

Thyra loosened her arms from about him and stepped back into a moonlight space. Looking at him tragically she extended her arms and spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Chester, choose between us. If you choose her I will go from you to-night and you will never see me again."

"Mother!"

"Choose!" she said fiercely.

He felt her long ascendancy. Its influence was not to be shaken off in a

moment. In all his life he had never disobeyed her. Besides, with it all he loved her more deeply and understandingly than most sons love their mothers. He realized that, since she so elected, his choice was already made—or rather, that he had no choice.

"Have your way," he said sullenly.

She ran to him and caught him to her heart. In the reaction of her joy she was half-laughing, half-crying. All was well again—all would be well; she never doubted this for she knew he would keep his ungracious promise sacredly.

"Oh, my son, my son," she murmured. "You'd have sent me to my death if you had chosen otherwise. But now you are mine again."

She did not heed that he was sullen—that he resented her injustice with all her own intensity. She did not heed his silence as they went into the house together. Strangely enough, she slept well and soundly that night. Not until many days had passed did she understand that though Chester might keep his hard-won promise in the letter, it was beyond his power to keep it in the spirit. She had taken him from Damaris Garland, but she had not won him back to herself. He could never be wholly her own son again. There was a barrier between them that not all her passionate love could break down. Chester was gravely kind to her, for it was not in his nature to remain sullen long or visit his own unhappiness upon another's head; besides, he understood her exacting affection, even in its injustice, and it has been well said that to understand is to forgive. But he avoided her and she knew it. The flame of her anger burned bitterly towards Damaris.

"He thinks of her all the time," she moaned to herself. "He'll come to hate me yet, I fear, because 'tis I that's made him give her up. But I'd rather even that than share him with another woman. Oh, my son, my son!"

She knew Damaris was suffering, too. The girl's wan eyes told that when she met her. But this pleased

Thyra. It eased the ache in her bitter heart to know that pain was gnawing at Damaris' also.

Chester was absent from home very often now. He spent much of his spare time at the harbour, consorting with Joe Raymond and others of that ilk, who were but sorry associates for him, Midverne people thought. In late November he and Joe started for a trip down the coast in the latter's boat.

Thyra protested against it, but Chester laughed at her fears.

Thyra saw him go with a heart sick from fear. She hated the sea and was afraid of it at any time, but most of all in this treacherous month, with its sudden wild gales. Chester had been fond of the sea from a boy. She had always tried to stifle this fondness and break off his associations with the harbour fishermen, who liked to lure the high-spirited boy out with them on fishing expeditions. But her power over him was gone now.

After Chester's departure she was restless and miserable, wandering from window to window to scan the dour, unsmiling sky. Carl Andrews, dropping in to pay a call, was alarmed when he heard that Chester had gone with Joe, and had not enough tact to conceal his alarm from Thyra.

"'Tisn't safe this time of year," he said. "Folks expect no better from that reckless, harum-scarum Joe Raymond. He'll drown himself some day, there's nothing surer. This mad freak of starting off down the coast in November is just a piece with his usual performances. But you shouldn't have let Chester go, Thyra."

"I couldn't prevent him. Say what I could he would go. He laughed when I spoke of danger. Oh, he's changed from what he was. I know who's wrought the change, and I hate her for it."

Carl shrugged his fat shoulders. He knew quite well that Thyra was at the bottom of the sudden coldness between Chester Carewe and Damaris Garland, about which Midverne gossip was busying itself. He pitied

Thyra, too. She had aged rapidly in the past month.

"You're too hard on Chester, Thyra. He's out of leading strings now, or should be. You must just let me take an old friend's privilege and tell you that you're taking the wrong way with him. You're too jealous and exacting, Thyra."

"You don't know anything about it. You have never had a son," said Thyra, cruelly enough, for she knew that Carl's sonlessness was a rankling thorn in his mind. "You don't know what it is to pour out your love on one human soul and have it flung back in your face."

Carl could not cope with Thyra's moods. He had never understood her in spite of his friendliness. Now he went home, still shrugging his shoulders, and thinking that maybe it was as well after all that Thyra had not looked on him with favour in the old days. Cynthia was much easier to get along with.

More than Thyra looked anxiously to sea and sky that night in Midverne. Damaris Garland listened to the smothered roar of the Atlantic in the murky northeast with a prescience of coming disaster. Friendly longshoremen shook their heads and said that Ches and Joe would better have kept to good dry land.

"It's sorry work joking with a November gale," said Silas Cooke. He was a very old man, and had seen some sad things in his life along shore.

Thyra could not sleep that night. When the gale came shrieking up the pond and struck the house she got out of bed and dressed herself. All night she wandered to and fro in the house, going from room to room, now wringing her hands, with loud outcries; now praying below her breath with white lips, and now listening in dumb misery to the fury of the storm.

The wind raged all the next day, but spent itself in the following night, and the second morning was calm and fair. Thyra, looking from her kitchen window, saw a group of men on the bridge. They were talking to Carl

Andrews, with looks and gestures directed towards the Carewe house. She went out and down to them. None of those who saw her white, rigid face that day ever forgot the sight.

"You have news for me," she said.

They looked at each other, each man mutely imploring his neighbour to speak.

"You need not fear to tell me," said Thyra calmly. "I know what you have come to say. My son is drowned."

"We don't know that, Mrs. Carewe," said one of the harbour men quickly; "we haven't got the worst to tell you—there's hope yet. But Joe Raymond's boat was found last night, stranded bottom up on the Gull Point sandshore, forty miles up the coast."

"Don't look like that, Thyra," said Carl Andrews pityingly. "They may have escaped—they may have been picked up."

Thyra looked at him with dull eyes.

"You know they have not. None of you have any hope. I have no son. The sea has taken him from me—my bonny baby."

She turned and went back to her house. None dared follow her. Carl went home and sent his wife to her.

Cynthia found Thyra sitting in her accustomed chair. Her hands lay palm upward on her lap. Her eyes were dry and burning. She met Cynthia's compassionate look with a fearful smile.

"Long ago, Cynthia Andrews," she said slowly, "you were vexed with me one day, and you told me that God would punish me yet because I made an idol of my son and set it up in His place. Do you remember? Your word was a true one. God saw I loved Chester too much and He meant to take him from me. I thwarted one way when I made him give up Damaris—but one can't fight against the Almighty. It was decreed that I must lose him—if not in one way then in another. He has been taken from me utterly. I shall not even have his grave to guard over."

"As near to a mad-woman as any-

thing you ever saw, with her awful eyes," Cynthia told Carl afterwards. But she did not say so then. Although she was a shallow, commonplace soul enough, she had her share of womanly sympathy, and her own life had not been free from suffering. It taught her the right thing to do now. She sat down by the stricken creature and put her arm about her, while she gathered the cold hands in her own warm clasp. The tears filled her big blue eyes and her voice trembled as she said:

"Thyra, I'm sorry for you. I—I—lost a child once. And Chester was a dear, good lad."

For a moment Thyra strained her small, tense body from Cynthia's embrace. Then she shuddered and cried out. The tears came, and she wept her agony out on the other woman's breast.

As the ill news spread, other Midverne women kept dropping in all through the day to condole with Thyra. Many of them came in real sympathy, but some out of mere curiosity to see how she took it. Thyra knew this, but she did not resent it, as she once would have done. She listened very quietly to all the halting efforts at consolation or the little platitudes with which they strove to cover the nakedness of bereavement.

When darkness came Cynthia Andrews said she must go home, but would send one of her girls over for the night.

"You won't feel like staying alone," she said.

Thyra looked up steadily.

"No. But I want you to send for Damaris Garland."

"Damaris Garland?" Cynthia repeated the name in bewilderment. There was never any knowing what whim Thyra might take, but Cynthia had not expected this.

"Yes. Tell her I want her—tell her she must come. She must hate me bitterly, but I am punished enough to wreak even her hate. Tell her to come to me for Chester's sake."

Cynthia did as she was bid. She sent

her daughter, Jeanette, for Damaris. Then she waited. No matter what duties were calling for her at home she must see the interview between Thyra and Damaris. Her curiosity would be the last thing to fail Cynthia Andrews. She had done very well all day; but it would be asking too much of her to expect that she would consider the meeting of these two women sacred from her eyes.

She half believed that Damaris would refuse to come. But Damaris came. Jeanette brought her in amid the fiery lights of a November sunset. Thyra stood up and for a moment they looked at each other so.

The insolence of Damaris' beauty was gone. Her eyes were dull and heavy with weeping, her lips were pale and her face had lost its laughter and dimples. Only her hair, escaping from the shawl she had cast around it, gushed forth in its warm splendour in the sunset light and framed her wan face like the aureole of a Madonna. Thyra looked upon her with a shock of remorse. This was not the radiant creature she had met on the bridge that summer afternoon—this—this was her work. She held out her arms.

"Oh, Damaris, forgive me. We both loved him—that must be a bond between us for life."

Damaris came forward and threw her arms about the older woman with uplifted face. As their lips met even Cynthia Andrews realized that she had no business there. She vented the irritation of her embarrassment on the innocent Jeanette.

"Come away," she whispered authoritatively. "Can't you see we're not wanted here?"

She drew Jeanette out, leaving Thyra rocking Damaris in her arms and crooning over her like a mother over her child.

When December had grown old Damaris was still with Thyra. It was understood that she was to remain there for the winter at least. Thyra could not bear her to be out of sight. They talked constantly about Chester and Thyra confessed all her anger and

hatred. Damaris had forgiven her, but Thyra could never forgive herself. She was greatly changed and had grown very gentle and tender. She even sent for August Vorst and begged him to pardon her.

Winter came late that year and the season was an open one. There was no snow on the ground, and a month after Joe Raymond's boat had been cast up on Gull Point sandshore, Thyra, wandering about in her garden, found some pansies blooming under the tangled leaves. She was picking them for Damaris when she heard a waggon thunder over the bridge and drive up the Andrews' lane, hidden from her sight by the alders and firs. A few minutes later Carl and Cynthia came hastily across their yard under the huge balm-of-Gileads. Carl's face was flushed and his big body quivered with excitement. Cynthia ran behind him with tears rolling down her face. Thyra felt herself growing sick with fear. Had anything happened to Damaris? A glimpse of the girl, sewing by an upper window of the house, reassured her.

"Oh, Thyra, Thyra," gasped Cynthia.

"Can you stand some good news, Thyra?" asked Carl in a trembling voice. "Very, very good news!"

Thyra looked from one to the other wildly.

"There's but one thing you would dare to call good news to me," she cried. "Is it about —, about —?"

"Chester! Yes, it's about Chester. Thyra, he is alive—he's safe—him and Joe, both of them, thank God! Cynthia, catch her!"

"No, I am not going to faint," said Thyra, steadying herself by Cynthia's shoulder. "My son alive! How did you hear? How did it happen? Where had he been?"

"I heard it down at the harbour, Thyra. Mike McCready's vessel, the *Nora Lee*, was just in from the Magdalens. Ches and Joe got capsized that night of the storm, but they hung on to their boat somehow, and at day-break they were picked up by the *Nora Lee*, bound for Quebec. But she was damaged by the storms and blown clean out of her course. Had to put in to the Magdalens for repairs, and has been there ever since. There isn't no telegraph there, and no vessels calling this time of year. You never saw such rejoicing as there was this morning at the harbour when the *Nora Lee* came in, flying flags at the mast head."

"And Chester—where is he?" demanded Thyra.

Carl and Cynthia looked at each other.

"Well, Thyra," said the latter, "the fact is he's over there in our yard this blessed minute. Carl brought him home from the harbour, but I wouldn't let him come over until we had prepared you for it. He's waiting for you there."

Thyra made a quick step in the direction of the gate. Then she turned, with a little of the glow dying out of her face.

"No . . . there's one has a better right to go to him first. I can atone to him . . . thank God. I can atone to him."

She went into the house and called Damaris. As the girl came running down the stairs Thyra held out her hands with a wonderful light of joy and renunciation on her face.

"Damaris," she said, "Chester has come back to us . . . the sea has given him back to us. He is over at Carl Andrews' house. Go to him, Damaris, and bring him to me."





## CANADA AND THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

By THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., *Judge of the Admiralty Court*



HE claim advanced on behalf of Canada for enlarged treaty-making power has been criticized and excepted by several English periodicals. One says that "the granting of authority—even by Act of Parliament, which is, of course, liable to repeal—to a colony of unrestrained power of making treaties with foreign countries, is incompatible with the principles on which the union of England with her dependencies, as an Empire, is based." Another says that for the Crown to confer the treaty-making power upon Canada "would mean the dissolution of the integrity of the Empire." The claim, as formulated by the Premier of Canada, is that the enlarged treaty-making power shall be subject to the same regal assent, or veto, as is Canada's law-making power; for, as Mr. Lucy reports, the Premier "was careful to point out that it was not an absolute power of treaty-making that the Dominion demands. Treaties will be subject to the veto of the Sovereign; and if such veto is decreed, that will be an end of the matter."

Neither this colonial treaty-making power, nor the colonial veto on Imperial treaties affecting the colonies, is such a novelty in the government of British dependencies as has been assumed by the periodicals referred to.

The East India Company, by virtue of their Royal Charter, often exercised an independent treaty-making power. In 1791-3, a treaty between the Nabob of the Carnatic and the East India Company came before the English Courts; and it was held that, although the Company were mere subjects with relation to Great Britain, their political treaties, under their delegated sovereignty, with a foreign sovereign state, were the same as treaties between two independent sovereign-

ties, and were not subject to the jurisdiction of the Courts of the Empire. Lord Chancellor Thurlow, during the opening argument, intimated that the Company, being merchants and sovereigns at the same time, had to show that "their territorial possessions qualified them as a realm in a separate capacity;" and he added—what is germane to the present discussion:—"If the point were recent, a nation would be bound effectually by the signing of a plenipotentiary; but that is certainly not now understood to be so till the ratification of the treaty, for that is one of the terms contracted for in those treaties" (1 Vesey, Jr., 371; 2 Vesey, Jr., 56). India has its Foreign Office, which conducts British foreign relations with Afghanistan, Nepal, and other conterminous countries; and its agents in the Persian Gulf, Muscat, and Turkish Arabia, deal directly with their local sovereignties respecting matters affecting the foreign and commercial interests of India in these countries.

The Diplomatic Records of the United States furnish abundant precedents of non-ratified treaties after their signature by the accredited plenipotentiaries of their own and other nations, whereby after their "customary disfigurement by the Senate," as ex-President Cleveland has termed it, they became ineffectual and inoperative. But a Presidential veto may be found in the case of the Anglo-American treaty signed in London in 1806, by Mr. Munroe (afterwards President) and Lord Auckland, and others. President Jefferson refused to approve of it, or to submit it to the Senate for ratification, because it did not contain an Article abandoning Great Britain's claim to the impressment of British seamen found on foreign ships on the high seas.

Mr. Justice Story in his work on Constitutional Law thus defined the status of the former American colonies: "The Colonial Legislatures, with the restrictions necessarily arising from their dependency on Great Britain, were *sovereign* within the limits of their respective territories." And the Judicial Committee has lately held that the present Canadian legislative bodies have, within the limits prescribed by their Constitutional Act, legislative authority as ample as the Imperial Parliament, in the plenitude of its power, possessed and could bestow.

And that Act has also conferred this treaty power on Canada: "The Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all powers necessary or proper, for performing the obligations of Canada, or of any Province thereof, as part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries, arising under treaties between the Empire and such foreign countries."

The Canadian right to veto, or assent to, Imperial treaties with the United States was recognized in the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854—negotiated by Lord Elgin, Governor-General, on the advice of Sir F. Hincks, then Premier. That treaty was to "take effect as soon as the laws required to carry it into operation shall have been passed by the Imperial Parliament and the Provincial Parliaments of the British North American Provinces."

The Washington Treaty of 1871 recognized Canadian local and fiscal autonomy by providing that: (1) "The Government of Her Britannic Majesty *will urge* upon the Government of the Dominion of Canada," (a) to secure to the citizens of the United States the use of the Canadian canals "on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion;" (b) not to impose any export duties on goods conveyed in transit through Canada to places in the United States; (c) not to levy an export duty on lumber or timber cut in the State of Maine, and floated down the St. John river to the sea. And the right of veto was conceded by declaring that the Canal, Transit, and Fish-

ery Articles "shall take effect as soon as the laws required to carry them into operation shall have been passed by the Imperial Parliament and the Parliament of Canada."

The Fisheries Treaty of 1888, negotiated by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., the British Minister, and Sir C. Tupper, provided that it should be ratified by the Crown, after having received the assent of the Parliament of Canada, and of the Legislature of Newfoundland. But the United States Senate declined to ratify it.

So the French Commercial Treaty of 1893, negotiated by Lord Dufferin and Sir C. Tupper, provided that it should receive the sanction of the Parliament of Canada before its ratification by the Governments of Great Britain and France.

What is now claimed is either the initial right of treaty-making respecting, or the right to assent to, treaties with the United States which may dismember, or affect, Canadian territory for the benefit of the United States; a right, on lines as to international boundaries, similar to that recognized in the Imperial Act of 1871: "The Parliament of Canada may with the consent of the Legislature of any Province increase, diminish, or alter, the limits of such Province, upon such terms as may be agreed to by the said Legislature."

The claim is pressed because of the many instances of how, "in by-gone days" (as an Ex-Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has written) "British diplomacy has cost Canada dear."

British treaty gifts of Canadian territory commenced with the Treaty of Independence, 1782-3, when the Ohio and Mississippi valley of the Canada ceded by France in 1763,—now comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois (with its Chicago), Wisconsin and Minnesota,—which had formed no part of the revolted thirteen colonies, was gratuitously ceded to the United States: "An instance," says an American author, "of the sacrifice of territory, of authority, of sovereignty, and of political prestige,

unparalleled in the history of diplomacy."

In 1814 the British and Canadian conquests of Maine and Massachusetts to Penobscot, on the Atlantic coast, and of Michigan and the western territory to Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, during the war of 1812, were restored to the United States,—without insisting upon the territorial boundaries obtained by the war, and rightly claimable under the international doctrine of *uti possidetis*.

In 1818, another large territory of the French Canada of 1763, extending from Lake Superior west, and including the district about the upper waters of the Mississippi, which the American plenipotentiaries of 1782 reported to Congress "was then possessed by Great Britain," and also including the Red River valley, which the Hudson's Bay Company had granted to Lord Selkirk in 1814, and further west to the head waters of the Missouri river (now Dakota and adjoining territory), "went," as a Canadian writer once said, "to satisfy the thrifty appetite of the Republic."

In 1842, Lord Ashburton, in ignorance of the boundary lines on the Franklin "Red Line Map of 1782," ceded over 4,600,000 acres of Canadian lands; and, by extending Maine 86 miles north into Canada, placed a barrier between Montréal and the Atlantic. The map had been discovered by Dr. Sparks of Harvard University in 1842, and forwarded by him to Mr. Webster. In his report to the Senate he stated that the red boundary line throughout the United States, "is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain." And Greville's Memoirs record: "Our successive governments are much to blame in not having ransacked the archives at Paris, for they could certainly have done for a public object what Jared Sparks did for a private one, and a little trouble would have put them in possession of whatever that repository contained."

In 1846, Oregon, with its splendid harbours on the Pacific coast,—owing to the British yielding to the threat:

"54° 40' or fight," and apparently agreeing with Lord Ashburton that Britain's right to the territory was "a mere question of honour,"—was also ceded.

In 1871, Britain agreed that the Fenian Raid claims of Canada, amounting to over \$1,600,000, should be made against the United States, but owing to the ambiguous wording of the despatch proposing a treaty to settle the Alabama and other claims, the United States rejected them, alleging that "they did not commend themselves to their favour," a denial of justice which the then Colonial Secretary acquiesced in, by saying that "Canada could not reasonably expect this country should, for an indefinite period, incur the constant risk of serious misunderstanding with the United States." In Hall's International Law, the responsibility of the United States was thus stated: "It would be difficult to find more typical instances of national responsibility assumed by a State for such open and notorious acts as the Fenian Raids into Canada, and by way of complicity after such acts."

The miscarriage of justice in the Alaska case, and the "scant consideration" which Canada's protest against the appointment by the United States of declared partisans, and, therefore, disqualified representatives, as "impartial jurists of repute," to the Tribunal, "received from the Colonial Office" (as had the Fenian Raid claims), justify Canada's demand for larger treaty-making powers. That miscarriage is, by two of the British-Canadian jurists, attributed to Lord Alverstone in joining with the disqualified American members, and altering the delivered and agreed joint answer to the question: "What channel is Portland Channel?" by striking out words which changed the course of the boundary line from the north passage, and deflected it into the south passage, which the President at first negatived, and next doubted, that Vancouver had named it as one of the passages into Portland Channel, thereby disregarding his findings and the

treaty direction: "the line shall ascend to the *north* along Portland Channel." Testing his altered answer by the treaty and by his published findings—one of which found that, in 1869, the north passage was "the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia"—the actual question in controversy—it is regrettable that he altered his original answer. By so doing he ceded to the United States two islands which were legally within the sovereignty of Great Britain, as part of the Dominion of Canada.

Then as to Lynn Canal. By the law of nations it is an inland territorial water, and subject to inland sovereignty, as if it were land; the same as Bristol Channel, The Wash, Solway Frith, Southampton Water, and other British territorial waters; as also Chesapeake Bay, Delaware Bay and Boston Harbour. That law declares, and the municipal laws of Great Britain and the United States enact, that a line from headland to headland across the six-mile mouth of each of such inland territorial waters is the political and national territorial continuation of the elevated coast;—or as American law

enacts, "a straight line from headland to headland is equivalent to the shore line,"—and is also the dividing line between the sovereignty of the submerged land and the ocean,—which is the common highway of all nations, and subject to no sovereign. In his published reasons Lord Alverstone says: "No one coming from the interior and reaching Lynn Canal would describe himself as being on the Ocean." Yet he joins with the disqualified members in holding that the inland waters of Lynn Canal are "Ocean;"—thereby negating the long recognized meaning given to that term by International Law;—and so bars Canada's territorial rights over its upper shores, and her access to the Pacific Ocean.

Apparently a diplomatic and disastrous compromise, rather than a judicial decision by "impartial jurists of repute," overshadows this Alaska boundary award; and, when added to Canada's previous diplomatic and disastrous dismemberments of her original territorial heritage, emphasises the claim now formulated for enlarged treaty-making powers "subject to the veto of the Sovereign."

## A SONG OF THE WEST

BY M. E. MOODIE

OH! wind that comes out of the West,  
The land of the sunset skies,  
Where far o'er yon mountain's crest  
Those glorious colours rise,

You bring me the fragrance of pine,  
The coolness of mountain snow,  
The music of falling streams  
By the hills where the lilies grow.

Oh! wind that comes out of the West,  
You sigh on your way to the plain,  
"The mountain land is best,  
Will you not come back again?"

Glow skies with your golden light,  
Blow softly dear wind from the hill,  
For my heart has a longing to-night  
Which only the West can fill.

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By  
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

THE article on "The Woman in Business," which appeared in the September number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has called forth a protest from a masculine reader who sets forth his opinion on the subject in no uncertain tones.

He explains that he is moved to write only because the article referred to was "so sweeping in its assertions and in some respects misleading," inferring "that it was absolutely necessary to engage women for office work," and leaving the impression that "the women were simply angelic personally, and that their work excelled in quality the work of the most expert male office help."

I think if the gentleman had read more carefully the article in question he would have seen that it dealt not with *any* woman in business, but with the serious woman who enters an office thoroughly realizing the responsibilities she is assuming and prepared to carry out her ideal of what the earnest woman in her position should be.

But let us glance for a moment at a few of the objections to her urged by our protesting masculine.

In the first place he takes umbrage at the idea that women should be commended for their punctuality, tidiness in dress, conscientiousness or discretion, all of which qualities one would naturally expect to find in an honourable employee, but in all of which, he affirms, lady stenographers are lacking. "They stroll into the office," runs his arraignment, "fifteen or

twenty minutes after time; they are more than dressed tidily, they are dressed gaudily. . . . As for her discretion, by superhuman efforts she may, in a few cases, manage to control the unruly member, in which case she is scarcely entitled to praise, since she is not paid to publish abroad the news of the office. And for her conscientiousness, in many cases she has not enough energy to clean off a little dust from her desk. She does exactly what she is compelled to do, and nothing more. During the absence of the manager 'fancy work' occupies her attention."

"I state without hesitancy," he concludes, "that many a business manager knows from experience that the woman in business does not, in the majority of cases, take her work seriously enough. She is lacking in ambition and has many other defects, and it is only a matter of a short time until he realizes that it is a most serious mistake to engage women for office work."

In proof of his assertion he encloses a newspaper clipping announcing that the services of women are to be dispensed with in the Chicago office of the Western Division of the G.T.R. because "they gossip about their matrimonial chances during office hours, and their MSS. are often besmeared with a too liberal quantity of candy and cream-puff filling. A wholesale discharge is about the only way to preserve decorum in the offices and do away with chats about masculine admirers of the night before."



Moreover, our objector asserts that, far from possessing maidenly timidity or sensitiveness, "the average young lady or old lady stenographer can hold her own, and more than her own with anyone in the office, from the manager down to the office boy, and furthermore, she is, in many cases that I know of at the present time, capable of becoming exceedingly flippant, even with the elevator man or boy."

Now, all these charges are really too serious to be ignored. If there be no foundation of truth for them, whence came they, and how shall we refute them? If, unhappily, there should be ground, however slight, for such accusations, what shall we do about it?

Not having a very wide knowledge or experience of the Woman in Business personally, we can only say with Tennyson: "We have faith, we cannot know;" but our faith in her, like Browning's hopes, is surely "too fair to turn out false."

There is a certain tone about the epistle of our irate friend that rather detracts from its value as unprejudiced evidence, the reiterated striking of a certain harsh note of personal acrimony that moves one to question whether his screed is, as it purports to be, merely the result of an innocent and laudable desire to fairly present the negative side of an interesting discussion, or is the hastily-grasped opportunity to get back through accusing generalities at some wayward individualities.

One would not for a moment condone unbecoming levity on the part of any serious-minded woman, in business or out of it, but it might be well to remember that when two people are engaged in congenial converse it is sometimes difficult for an ignored, outside third to clearly distinguish between bright repartee and foolish flippancy. And to watch dainty "fancy-work" being fashioned for some despicable Unknown by ten slim white fingers in which one is particularly interested is not exactly calculated to

induce clearness of vision or sweetness of temper.

Far be it from me to even hint that hands engaged to tap the typewriter should occupy their employer's time in wielding a needle for personal ends; the impropriety of such a proceeding is too flagrant to require pointing out.

As for the flippancy, carelessness, lack of punctuality, laziness, and general unworthiness of the feminine stenographer as described by our correspondent, all the writing on the subject would be but as a voice crying in the wilderness, for no one so innately unprincipled will be moved to reform by any words written here, while she who is a worthy woman out of an office will surely not be rendered ethically null by being brought into close relations with the lords of creation.

Are there not, O masculine objector, men without pride or principle to be found in all the highways and byways of life, some of them discharging their clerical duties just as inefficiently and laxly as the most frivolous "lady stenographer?"

The secretary's report of the work done by the Local Council of Women of Victoria during the past year (the ninth of its existence) is most interesting reading. Much of what has been accomplished has, of course, been of a local character, of more importance to the people of Victoria than to the world at large; but all Canadians interested in Domestic Science will be glad to learn that through the efforts of the Local Council 200 of Victoria's girls are now receiving instruction every week in the art and science of home-making.

For some time the Local Council has been urging upon the authorities the advisability of adding Domestic Science to the curriculum of the public schools, but nothing was done in the matter until the Council, realizing that decisive and definite practical measures were necessary, went before the School Board last year with an offer to furnish the equipment for a

Domestic Science Department if the Board would make provision for a suitable teacher. The proposition met with the hearty approval of the Board and the Department is now an established institution which has already proved its right to existence.

In most European countries household science has long been a regular part of every school curriculum, and in the United States the subject is taught in some of the public schools of nearly every State. Were the equipment less expensive without doubt there would be scarcely a school in the Union lacking this department.

In Canada, the conservative, we have taken some time to realize the importance of this branch of a girls' education, but the work, though comparatively new to us, is now being rapidly taken up in all parts of the Dominion.

The more conservative Provinces, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia (Manitoba excepted), have already added household science to their educational system, and it is the hope and ambition of Winnipeg—the last of our cities to set up a school of Domestic Science—to add a normal course as soon as it is needed.

At a meeting of the Board of Education in Ontario last summer it was decided that household science should form a part of the regular training of all public school teachers.

Accordingly the Government has provided teachers at good salaries for the normal schools at London, Ottawa, Toronto and Guelph. Here, also, a two years' training is provided for those wishing to teach the subject; or should more advanced work be desired, a four years' course may be taken at the University of Toronto.

A revival of negotiations for the admission of Newfoundland into the Dominion has once more brought before the public eye that remote, barren colony of which most of us know so little.

One interesting fact connected with Newfoundland is that it is the only

British possession where a divorce is absolutely unprocurable.

It is not easy to obtain a divorce in any part of the British Empire, and in Australia and Canada marriage vows are annulled only when very conclusive evidence as to the wrongs of the applicant is presented. Up to 1901 only 22 Federal divorces had been granted in Canada since Confederation. In South Africa the laws are less rigid, and marriages are unmade with more frequency.

In Newfoundland, however, no reason is considered sufficient for putting asunder those whom God hath joined together. In that bleak colony, with its population of little more than 200,000, people are too close to the stern realities of life to be very keenly critical of each other's shortcomings.

The majority of the towns are merely fishing villages, and men and women who are face to face with death almost every day of their lives have little time or inclination for lamenting the incompatibility of temper of their helpmates, or the hidden woes of their own sensitive, misunderstood inner selves. They take life and each other as their Creator has given them, make the best of them, and are happy.

While, of course, it would be absurd to contend that every marriage in Newfoundland is an ideally happy one, it is an undoubted fact that the percentage of conjugal infelicity is smaller in that rugged island than in any other country in the world, barring Ireland.

The nearest approach to divorce which is recognized in Newfoundland is a judicial separation of man and wife, for drunkenness, desertion, ill-treatment, or the like. In such cases the husband is almost invariably in fault, and is compelled to pay the wife a weekly share of his earnings, on penalty of imprisonment, the judge fixing the alimony.

A recent number of *The Public* of Chicago contains the following rather interesting paragraph:—

"A jury composed wholly of women sat in a Chicago court of record last

week. It was impanelled by Judge Honore. The question turned upon the separation of a little child from its mother, a friendless widow. So extreme was the mother's poverty, she could not bring up the child properly. But with all her poverty the mother-love was intense. She testified she could not live without her child. A jury of men was in the box. At this point Judge Honore invited a jury of women to sit and advise the jury of men. The jury of women promptly decided that the mother must not be separated from her child. Nor were they at a loss for method. If the child is dependent, they said, so is the mother. Both are dependent, then let them go together to an institution where they need not be separated. It was a Solomonic verdict, one the jury of men would probably never have reached. But the man jury had to adopt it formally before it could have legal effect. Women are competent to advise male juries, it seems, but God forbid that any woman be allowed to serve on a real jury, while the duty of home-making calls for her at afternoon teas or the domestic washtub."

The advantage of, nay absolute necessity for, having regular fire-drill in every institution or school where a number of children are daily assembled was conclusively proved at a fire which occurred recently in St. Mary's Catholic School at Evanston, Ill.

The children, terrified by the flames and half-suffocated by smoke, became completely panic-stricken and started a mad stampede for the doors which, if unchecked, would undoubtedly have resulted in many serious accidents. When the excitement was at its height one of the little girls, Ethel Jennings, whose name should be remembered, hurried to an organ and began playing a lively march. Above the din rose the music and the children, remembering the fire-drill which they had so often practised for just such an emergency, fell mechanically into line and marched safely out of the building.

Another instance of remarkable presence of mind was shown by one of the boys, little Raymond Schaeffer, the nine-year-old son of Sergeant Schaeffer of the Evanston police. The child ran hatless and coatless to the fire-box a block away, and standing on his tip-toes managed to turn in the alarm.

Thanks to the courage and quickness of these two children, the fire was soon extinguished with no loss of life or limb, and small loss of property.

Two instances have occurred in Toronto this winter where fires broke out in schools, while the children were at their lessons. In both cases, absolute discipline was preserved, and the children marched out without panic, not one of the 1,600 children being injured in the slightest. In one case, they put on their clothing, and in the other walked out without it. The fire-drill worked splendidly, because of eight years of continuous practice and because the teachers were level-headed. These cases are in strong contrast to the one above. M. MacL. H.

#### TO THE COMING WOMAN

You poor young thing! I'm sorry for you.  
Do your ears burn, dear, as they ought to do?  
Have you any idea of the shameless way  
In which you're discussed by the world to-day?  
Do you shudder sometimes at impending fate,  
As you sit in the future, and wait and wait?

You certainly would should you chance to hear  
The horrible prospects they give you, dear!  
These feminine faddists! These old young  
men  
Who airily wield a decadent pen!  
They've settled it all, and you have no choice;  
You can't even raise a protesting voice!

Some say that, released from the Ages' ban,  
You'll sternly reform ungenerate man;  
And some, that your freedom such harm will do,  
That Man will be forced to regenerate you;  
While some (quite the worst) with insistent  
bawl,  
Declare that you are not a woman at all.

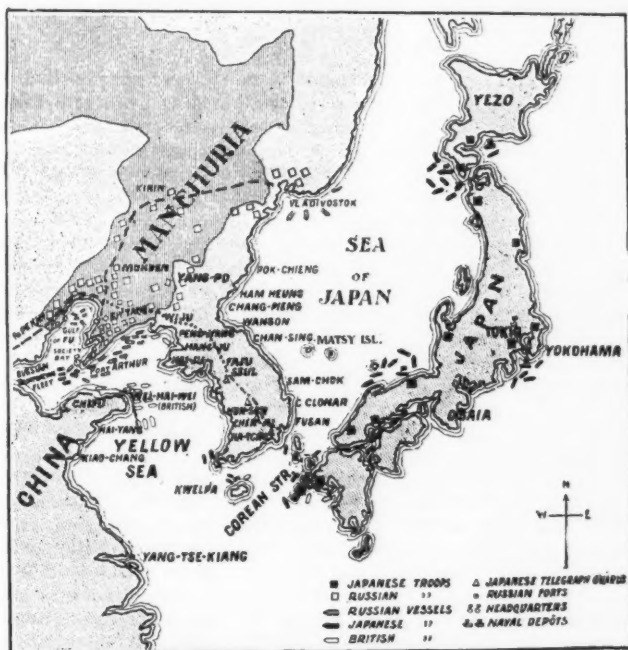
But I, for my part, am inclined to doubt  
That these sapient scribblers have found you  
out;  
That you are a sinner, unsexed, a shrew!  
I've faith in the future; I've faith in you;  
But if there be truth in this hateful hum,  
Take sisterly warning, and don't you come!

—HILDA JOHNSON

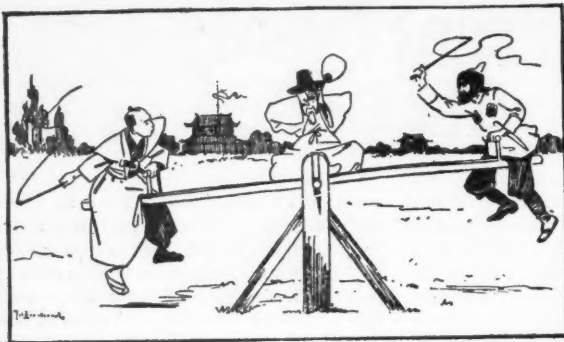
# Current Events Abroad.

THE opinion was expressed in these notes last month that he would be a hopeful man who could see a peaceful way out of the differences between Russia and Japan. At the moment when that was written it is true that the despatches were of a more pacific tone than they had been for days. It was so plainly apparent, however, that it had become part of Russian policy to absorb Manchuria and that Japan was determined, if possible, to prevent her doing so, that a quiet way out of the difficulty was not discernible. It is easy to believe that both were anxious for a peaceable solution; Russia, perhaps, more anxious than Japan. The fact is, however, that the national paths of the two powers cross each other at right angles and one or other must have the right of way. The great northern Empire has put a tremendous stake on her Asian programme. The building of the Transasian railway, the construction of a great fortified harbour at Port Arthur and the actual

creation of large towns such as Harbin, with their marts and manufactories, have taxed the resources of the Colossus almost to the breaking point. It has been all expenditure and the period for reaping the returns has not yet arrived. In order to get a feasible route it was necessary to lay the great national road through hundreds of miles of foreign territory. With diplomatic irony, the railroad which leaves the main line at Chita and proceeds through Manchuria to Port Arthur, is called the Chinese Eastern Railway. But we may be sure that from the moment it was determined to



POSITIONS OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN IN THE FAR EAST



A BUFFER STATE

KOREA—"Whoever is up, whoever is down, I get all the blows"

—*De Amsterdamer Weekblad voor Nederland*

change all the Russian plans and to make Port Arthur, instead of Vladivostock, the great Russian entrepot in the Far East, it was likewise determined that the lands through which the railroad ran should be eventually filched from China.

want to take anything—and have force enough to take it whether the owner is really willing or not. That the whole Province of Manchuria would eventually be taken on some equally flimsy pretext no one doubts.

The history of this movement is so characteristic of the whole of Russia's Asian policy, with its mockingly cynical indifference to what other people think about it that it is worth recalling the reader's attention to events that are not often placed in their proper relation to each other. It will be remembered that the treaty of peace concluded between China and Japan after the war of 1895 provided, among other things, that the Liao-Tung peninsula, that sharp nose of land which juts into the Gulf of Pechili, and on which Port Arthur stands, should be ceded to Japan. This would have established Japan in a position of great influence in the most important body of water in the East. Russia has doubtless had her eye on the spot for many years before. She induced Germany, and France who was then an admiring ally, to join her in objecting to the occupation of Port Arthur by Japan. Great Britain took no part in the affair, but was not disposed to strengthen the hands of Japan, with

When Japan was deprived of the chief fruits of her victory over the Chinese, there was almost uncontrollable rage among the Japanese people. The Government had to suppress the rioting which showed their passionate resentment. What the feeling was when, three years later, the Power which had put forward the hypocritical plea that the Chinese Empire must not be dismembered, herself virtually stole the advantageous position which Japan had fairly won with her sword, is not hard to conjecture. This feeling was intensified when it was perceived that Russian plans included the assimilation of the whole of Manchuria in the same way, with Corea as the inevitable next step. Manchuria was occupied by the Russian troops on the outbreaking of Boxer fanaticism. When that uprising had been suppressed Russia declared that she could not withdraw her troops until order was restored in the disturbed Province. At last the engagement was dragged from her that she would retire in April of last

the consequence that the little power had to yield. Three years subsequently Russia acquired the peninsula on the specious pretext of a lease and almost straightway proceeded to spend large sums of money in fortifying the harbour. The excuse offered was that she needed an ocean terminus for the railway through Manchuria. That sort of argument is convenient when you



year. April came, but still she found it impossible to leave because of the unsettled state of the Province. The Powers were assured, however, that October would witness the evacuation. The Russian troops are still there, and we may be sure will remain there unless some one drives them out.



I am of those who believe that they will be driven out, and that Japan will do the work. The only possible chance that Russia had of preventing that result was by retaining command of the Chinese seas. That she has lost already, and Japan is left with the easiest sort of accessibility to the scene of conflict. There can be very little doubt that she will be able any time within the next three months to place more men on a battlefield than her opponents. The courage of the little brown men is unquestioned; their patriotism is the only thing they have that resembles the fervour of a religion, and an enthusiasm similar in degree to that which in the ages of faith sent men and delicately nurtured women to the beasts in the arena or to the stake, prompts the Japanese soldier to parallel sacrifices and devotions. It is safe to say that if Russia wins victories they will be costly ones, and one repulse, however severe, will not discourage these active, daring and hardy warriors of what the Chinese call the Dwarf Nation.



In this estimate there is no disposition to undervalue the resolution and the military power of Russia. It is undoubtedly enormous, but it is just as undoubtedly unwieldy. The international expedition for the relief of the besieged legations in 1900 afforded an



THE CZAR AND CZARINA

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE MILITARY REVIEW OF  
LAST SEASON

unusual opportunity of contrasting the soldiery of the various nations, and the general opinion of the competent judges who observed the demeanour and conduct of the troops engaged was that the Japanese probably deserved to be put in first place and the Russians last. It is safe to say at all events that man for man the Japanese is the equal of the Russian. It makes very little difference how many hundred thousand fighting men there are in the Russian Empire. The question is, how many are there east of Harbin, for it is in these regions that the fighting will take place. Every circumstance seems to point to the fact that Japan will have more men at the points at which she chooses to strike than Russia will. Coreia is already safe from Russian occupation. No Russian army dare venture down the peninsula while Japan's vessels are ranging up and down both sides of it. Having accomplished this without loss of any kind, she will be



JOHN BULL—"If you please, gentlemen, may I sit down somewhere?"  
CHORUS OF FOREIGNERS—"Yes. Try the corner"

*A sample of the Political Picture-Post-Cards now being circulated in England*

able to turn her whole energies to pressing the Russian intruders out of Manchuria. It must be remembered that in this work they will have the sympathy of the native population. They will be able to advance leaving behind them the minimum of men to protect their communications, whereas Russia will be beset by enemies on every side.

Some critics are saying that Russia will eventually succeed even if it takes years. It costs something to carry on war for years, and in the meantime what will be happening. Already the American Secretary of State has addressed a note to the Powers asking their concurrence in an agreement guaranteeing the integrity of Chinese territory. Baron Hayashi has intimated that Japan will yield a cheerful assent to the principle. Will Russia do likewise? If she does in conjunction with three or four of the other great Powers, they will surely have the firmness to hold her to her agree-

ments, whatever may be the outcome of her struggle with Japan. The probability is that Japan will drive her out of Manchuria and that she will never be allowed to return, the restraining influences being the Chinese themselves, backed by the Anglo-Saxon nations at least, and the terrors of militant Japan.

While this is going on Col. Young-husband's expedition is pushing its way into Tibet, and it looks as if the Czar would be too busy elsewhere to keep his eye on it. Lord Curzon appears to have chosen a most fortunate time for his advance movement; so appropriate that suspicious people will incline to the opinion that it is more than a mere coincidence. Russian anger is quite as generally shown towards Great Britain as towards Japan. This is seen in the charge that Weihai-wei was used as a Japanese base in the recent attack on Port Arthur, a charge which Lord Lansdowne has taken pains to deny with some heat.

*John A. Ewan*

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## A MUNICIPAL SCANDAL

THE city of Toronto is, municipally speaking, passing through the fiery furnace. Sins of ignorance have been committed by the councils of previous years and the inevitable harvest is now being reaped. Corporation influence and all the evils which follow in its train have been so rampant that it became necessary to do some judicial house-cleaning.

The trouble owes its origin mainly to four mistakes in municipal government. The first of these was the granting of a perpetual franchise to a gas company. In order to preserve its valuable charter and prevent the municipality from buying the plant and running it as a municipal undertaking, this company has been compelled to suffer the importunities of some ward politicians who might affect its interests. The second was the granting of perpetual franchises to two electric light companies and a telephone company, all of which find it necessary to have an influence in municipal elections. The third was the granting of a thirty-year franchise to a street railway company which is always anxious to interpret the contract in its own way, and to so entrench itself with new agreements concerning points not covered by the contract and with franchises for suburban lines, as to make its franchise at the end of the thirty-year period (1921) difficult of purchase by the city or any competing company. The fourth mistake is the granting of the municipal franchise to aliens to whom that franchise is only a means of securing a few dollars everytime a vote is to be cast. This is the evil which is most prominent in cities like New York and Buffalo, where the "foreign" element is vast enough to

make manipulation on a large scale a possibility. In Toronto the "foreign" population is small, but nevertheless the game is played with all its debasing features.

In previous municipal elections, the aldermen were elected by wards, and the controllers were elected from among the aldermen. The work of electing controllers who would side with the corporations and head off any movement looking to municipal ownership was comparatively simple. To overcome this evil influence in municipal affairs it was decided to elect the four controllers from the city at large and directly. They were to be elected by a separate ballot, and every citizen should vote for them. Moreover, the cumulative principle was adopted, and four votes could be given to one man, two votes to two men, or one vote to four men. In this way the city hoped to get rid of such sectional influence as private interests had hitherto been able to wield, and to secure the election of men who could be trusted to place the public welfare before private interests.

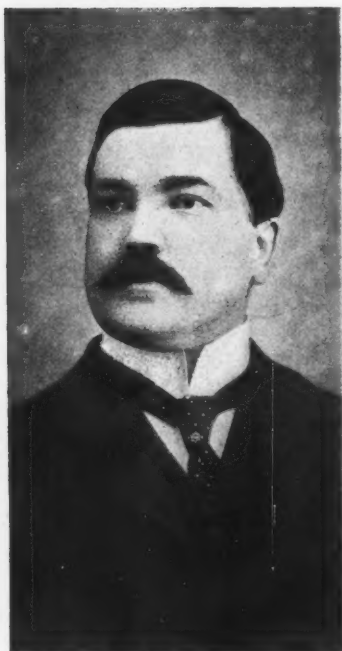
The four controllers polled votes as follows:

No. 1, Ward	1.....	996
"	2.....	2,619
"	3.....	1,981
"	4.....	2,603
"	5.....	2,346
"	6.....	1,953

Total ..... 12,498

No. 2, Ward	1.....	1,204
"	2.....	2,036
"	3.....	2,816
"	4.....	1,983
"	5.....	1,785
"	6.....	1,338

Total ..... 11,162



HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, M.P.  
SOLICITOR-GENERAL—APPOINTED JANUARY, 1904

No. 3, Ward 1.....	3,488
" 2.....	1,494
" 3.....	766
" 4.....	1,130
" 5.....	1,250
" 6.....	859

Total ..... 8,987

No. 4, Ward 1.....	719
" 2.....	1,042
" 3.....	1,109
" 4.....	3,010
" 5.....	1,909
" 6.....	1,191

Total ..... 8,908

It will be noted that the first two controllers polled fairly average votes in all wards, while the second two were practically elected by large votes in one particular ward—the ward in which they were best known. Thus sectional influence was not eliminated under the new system. Nor, looking at the result as a whole, was the elec-

tion satisfactory, since two of the men elected were not desirable candidates. In other words, two of these men were supposed to represent private interests.

Cumulative voting gave an impetus to personation and the polling of "dead" voters. "Pluggers" were at work. Under the old system a "plugger" could give his employer only one vote; under the new system a "plugger" gave a controller four votes every time his effort to impersonate or to act for a "dead" voter was successful. One hundred successful impersonations meant four hundred votes; one hundred "stuffed" ballots meant four hundred more; one hundred "dead" votes polled added four hundred more—twelve hundred in all.

Then another ingenious game was played. Some voters, either through timidity or ignorance, cast only two votes for controller, and left two unused. It was a comparatively easy matter for a deputy returning officer in the employ of the candidates to add two marks to such ballots and to give these two votes to such men as he desired to have them. As the deputy returning officers are appointed on the recommendation of the aldermen for their particular wards, the game was ridiculously simple. Hundreds of votes were gained in this way, not only for controllers, but for certain candidates for the Board of Education, for which each voter had twelve votes. The deputy returning officer chose his own poll clerk, so that there was no check from that source. The poll clerk was a relative or a pal of the returning officer, and collusion has been charged in several cases.

At the time of writing the investigation is incomplete. Some of the guilty parties will probably be discovered and punished. This is where Canada differs from the United States. There is crookedness in both countries, but in Canada, when discovered, it is punished, because our judges and magistrates are not elected, while in the United States the guilty manipulators escape through the leniency of

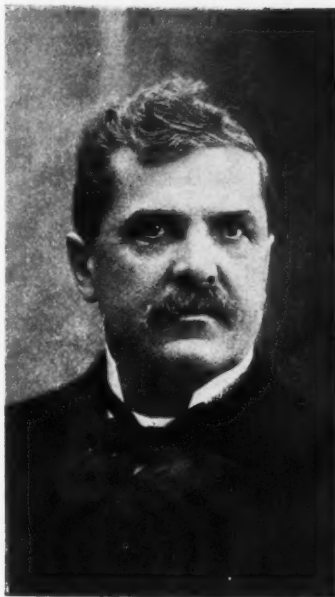
elected magistrates who have perhaps profited by the manipulation.

But punishing a few offenders will avail little. Even the introduction of a new system of appointing deputy returning officers and poll clerks will effect little improvement. Two reforms are needed. The first was pointed out last month, and has long been urged by experienced municipal students, viz., the separation of the legislative and administrative functions. Let the aldermen and controllers say for what purposes money shall be spent, but have permanent officials do the spending in order that it shall be done without fear, favour or partiality. The administrators must not be elected; they must be as secure in their positions as are judges and magistrates. The second reform is that municipal franchises must be municipally administered. The greed for dividends and for profits from watered stock is the source of most municipal evils. This greed must be eliminated, and here is the lesson for every municipality in Canada. The waterworks, gas-works, electric-light works, telephone system, and street railway should be owned and operated by the people. The cost of operation may be a little greater, but a loss of profits is better than debauchery.



#### STREET RAILWAY INCOME

IN 1903 the Toronto Street Railway earned \$2,172,087.85. This will give the other cities of Canada an idea of what their street railway franchises will some day be worth. The operating expenses left the net earnings at a million dollars. What a handsome profit from one franchise in a city of a little over two hundred thousand inhabitants! It is difficult to realize what a million dollars of profit means, unless one is accustomed to deal with large amounts. It means a five per cent. profit on twenty millions of capital. The common stock of the company amounts to \$6,600,000 and the bonds to \$3,473,373.33, or a total



HON. HENRY R. EMMERSON, M.P.  
MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS — APPOINTED  
JANUARY, 1904

capitalization of about ten millions. The street railway is thus earning about ten per cent. on its stock and bonds. As the interest on the bonds is fixed, the common stock is earning more.

This million dollars of profit was distributed somewhat as follows:

The City of Toronto .....	\$298,839
Dividends on common stock .....	326,546
Interest, etc. ....	*143,987
Contingent account .....	50,000
Profit carried forward .....	180,628
	<hr/> \$1,000,000

The city of Toronto gets certain payments on account of "paving charges" and a certain percentage of the gross receipts. This percentage grows with the receipts; on the first million it is eight per cent., on the

\*This interest item is not quite accurate, but is slightly enlarged to bring the exact amount up to a million dollars; the profits were really about \$28,000 short.





WILLIAM MACKENZIE  
PRESIDENT OF THE TORONTO RAILWAY CO.

second half million ten per cent., and so on until three millions are reached, and then it becomes twenty per cent. of all gross receipts over that amount. It is expected that in 1904 the amount paid to the city will equal the dividends paid to stock holders.

The present expectation of the company is that in 1921 the city will take over the plant and pay enough to retire all the bonds, which now amount to \$3,500,000. The suburban lines will then realize enough to pay off the common stock or pay dividends on it, this now amounting to \$6,600,000. Perhaps the president and directors are too sanguine in this matter, but Toronto is certainly making rapid progress.

The city's net profit for the year will be about \$200,000, and this should increase steadily. In addition, the fares are low as compared with most United States cities. In Toronto, adult fares vary from 3 1-8 cents to 4 1-6 cents, according to the class of tickets purchased, whereas in most United States

cities the fare is five cents cash. Besides, the transfer system means a great saving to the people.

Montreal has an agreement similar to that in Toronto, but less favourable. The railway pays 4 per cent. of first million, 6 per cent. on the next half million, and so on until three millions is reached, when the payment is fifteen per cent. In 1903 it paid the city of Montreal \$100,000, as compared with the Toronto company's payment of \$300,000, with smaller gross receipts.

Hamilton's agreement is better than Montreal's. The company pays 7½ per cent. on gross receipts over \$175,000, up to \$200,000, and after that 8 per cent., in addition to a mileage. In 1903 Hamilton received \$22,491 from this source. Halifax gets 4 per cent. on gross receipts and \$1,000 license fee; the total revenue last year from these two items was \$6,749.

In Ottawa, the city gets no percentage of gross receipts, but receives a mileage of \$450, which increases to \$1,000 in the case of permanently paved streets. In 1903 the revenue from this source was \$8,881.

In St. John, the situation is much the same as in Ottawa, the railway paying the city \$7,000 per annum in consideration of payments, repairs and other incidentals. In Victoria and other cities much the same system obtains.

The charters for the various street railways expire as follows:

	Granted for	Expires
London,	50 years	1925
Halifax,	21 "	1916
Montreal,	30 "	1922
Ottawa,	30 "	1930
St. John,	40 "	1934
Toronto,	30 "	1921
Winnipeg,		1927
Hamilton,		1928
Victoria,	50 "	1938

Considering the recent and rapid development of electric street railway service, the Canadian cities have shown a remarkable degree of wisdom in dealing with this class of municipal monopoly.

*John A. Cooper*

# About New Books.

## IDLE TALES

THERE are people who will not waste time over idle tales, but the great majority of the public love to be harried and worried by the exploits and troubles of some real or imaginary individual. Hence arises the popularity of police court news, accounts of murders or murder trials, and the works of such popular authors as Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, and the thousand mediocre writers which follow in the wake of these two great dramatists.

Huxley in "Sesame and Lilies" has indicated the difference between an ignoble and a noble anxiety in the following words:

"Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak and felt for paltry cause. . . . So the anxiety is ignoble with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less or greater with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation?"

"The Red Triangle," by Arthur Morrison,\* is certainly an idle tale, containing several robberies, two or three suicides and one or two brutal murders. True the tales are well told and well strung together so as to make the book one harmonious whole. It is a splendid book to pervert the imagination of Canadian youths, and no doubt it will find its way into many a public library to accomplish its deadly purpose in company with the many others already there in travesty of the word "literature." If any person wearies of the newspapers with their political sensations, accounts of attempted bribery

and ballot stuffing, turgid speeches by Canada's ward politicians who ape the majesty of statesmen, lurid accounts of robberies, accidents and murders—and being thus wearied, desires something more exhilarating, let him turn to "The Red Triangle." It will present to him several new ideas concerning the best way to steal diamonds, bonds, admiralty secrets and other valuables. It will explain how hypnotism may become a handmaiden to crime and will elucidate other problems known to policemen and detectives. It is a glorious privilege of the Anglo-Saxon race that it thinks without fear, prints without restriction and reads according to individual pleasure.



*Neil Munro.*

\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

It prefers the story of the smoking room, the half-penny yarn of the platform spell-binder, and the ribald jokes of a degenerate theatre to the genuine and deeper pleasures of true art, humorous or informing literature and elevating music. It prefers the man without moral responsibility in the pursuance of his selfish ends, to the man who seeks to leave the world better than he found it. The coral island of human perfection is honeycombed with unstable atoms.

#### PHYSICAL TRAINING

THE longer one pursues the study of educational methods and the more one reads of the educational systems of Japan and Germany, the more one becomes convinced that Canada's educational system is very weak, and at no point is our system weaker than in its lack of attention to physical training. The immediate reform required is to make it obligatory in public schools, collegiate institutes and universities. The writer remembers well two college acquaintances who despised athletics and sport and spent their time with their books. Of course, no professor ever concerned himself to find out the kind of life they were living. In fact, the professors—and I hope it will not be brought up against them in the day of judgment—encouraged this abstinence from sport and physical training by praising them for their diligence in pursuing scholarships. These men won all the academic honours almost that it was possible for two men to win—and within three years both were laid in their graves. One could almost say that they were murdered by the university authorities—and these events occurred not more than ten years ago.

The Japanese, being small men with an average height of 5 ft. 1 inch and an average weight of about 120 pounds, lay great stress on physical training. The *jiu-jitsu*, once taught only to the aristocracy, is now taught to all—with the object of making the

Japanese capable of more hardship and hard work than any other of the world's races. The full course requires four years of hard, persistent work. The history and analysis of it, given in a recent book\* by H. Irving Hancock, of New York, who studied the system in Japan, is most interesting. The *jiu-jitsu* means muscle-breaking, but it is more than that in its modern forms. The idea is to discover the weak points in the adversary's arms, legs and neck, and by grips and pinches cause him much pain. The weaker man with this knowledge may overcome the strong man without the knowledge. An arm pinch is most painful when the muscles are taut, and hence the strong man is most vulnerable when exerting his great strength. But the foundation of the whole system is a healthy stomach; hence the Japs eat little meat and much rice, which is found to be better than either meat or flour.

#### STORY OF A CHILD

KATE Douglas Wiggin writes stories of children. "The Bird's Christmas Carol" has been quite popular for many years, and her "Penelope" series is also well known. Her latest book, "Rebecca of Sunnyside Farm,"† is quite suited for Sunday school libraries and general circulation. It is bright, cheery and wholesome. The moral of the tale is that children who are vivacious and imaginative should not be dealt with too severely, that light-heartedness is a quality to be encouraged. This is not a new doctrine, but it must be preached always, since there are always new teachers, new parents and new adults who are in need of education along this line. It is not a great book, but it makes for a better understanding of the limited opportunities of those whose lot is cast in

\*Japanese Physical Training, by H. Irving Hancock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, illustrated, 156 pp.

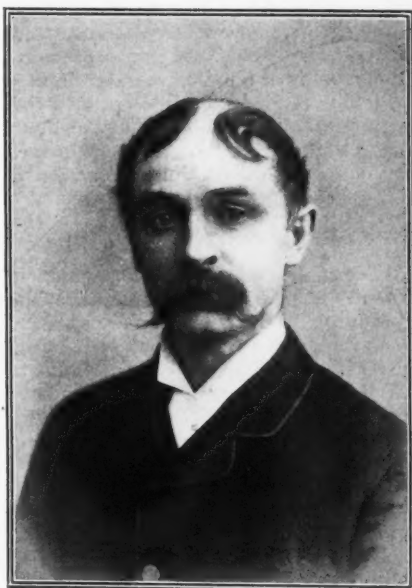
†Toronto: William Briggs.

rural obscurity and poverty. Rebecca is a lovable and winning character.

#### MODERN JAPAN

THE present war is turning the attention of the world to Japan, where live "The Englishmen of Asia," "The Little Brown Fellows," "The Diamond Edition of Humanity," as they have been variously termed. In his work "A Handbook of Modern Japan,"\* Mr. Clement says that the new Japan dates from July 14th, 1853, when Commodore Perry and his suite first landed on the shore of Yedo Bay, and when Japanese authorities first received official communication from the President of the United States. Perhaps it would be better to date it from the Revolution which, in 1868, placed Mutsuhito, the young Emperor, in direct control of the government in place of being a puppet in the hands of the Shoguns. Since then there has been international communication on the lines of western civilization, and a rapid progress and development which is almost startling. No doubt the Japanese spirit had long been rebelling against the exclusiveness that prevailed, and the mental change must have been gradual. But the fact that the material change came with the advent of the present Emperor, who has ruled wisely and well for thirty-six years, is worth remembering.

Japan at once began to prepare for constitutional government, and this was definitely established in 1881. Political parties were organized, and a cabinet was formed. In 1889 came the establishment of local self-government and the promulgation of the Constitution. Then followed new treaties with the Western Powers, and Japan became an equal among the great nations of the world. The gold standard was adopted in 1897, and in 1900 Japan was admitted to an equal share with the other powers in the



DR. BEATTIE CROZIER  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1891

quelling of the Boxer rebellion in China. The freedom of the press and of public meeting and religious liberty are among recent social reforms. Prince Haru, the heir apparent, will be the first Japanese Emperor who received any education in public. The Prince has two sons, Prince Michi and Prince Atsu, so that the Imperial line shows no danger of being "broken." The Imperial Diet consists of two Houses, the House of Peers and the House of Commons. The sudden change from feudalism to representative institutions was not without its disappointment and its revelation of weaknesses, and no doubt the Japanese have much to learn before they will equal the constitutionalists of Great Britain or the United States. Foreigners have been called in to remodel the educational system, and there are now splendid public schools and two universities. Law schools, medical schools, theological seminaries and other professional schools are numerous, many of them under private control. Japan

\*A Handbook of Modern Japan, by Ernest W. Clement. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, illustrated, 400 pp.

has 3,600 miles of railway, 9,500 miles of telegraph and, in Tokyo alone, over 6,000 telephones. Mr. Clement predicts that in another hundred years, "Shinto will have entirely disappeared as a religion, Buddhism will have lost its hold upon the people, and Japan will have become practically a Christian nation."

## NOTES

The Canadian edition of "Doom Castle" has the author's name spelled "Munroe." This is a mistake as may be seen by the autograph reproduced in this department this month. Mr. Munro, who visited Canada last year, is on the editorial staff of the Glasgow *Evening News*. His stories have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and have been issued in book form as follows: John Splendid, 1898; Gilian the Dreamer, 1899; Doom Castle, 1901; Shoes of Fortune, 1902. Mr. Munro is a Scotchman, fair, of medium stature, quiet and unassuming, with ideals which he persistently pursues. In his descriptions of Canada he carefully avoided the statistics which usually spoil correspondent's letters and contented himself with painting Canadian life as he saw it.

Dr. Beattie Crozier, whose photograph is reproduced herewith, and whose philosophical work is reviewed in this issue by Mr. Haultain, is a native of Galt, a graduate of the University of Toronto and a practising physician in London, England. It is generally recognized that it was his series of articles on Protection and Free Trade in the *Fortnightly Review* which was mainly instrumental in preparing the more thoughtful classes of Great Britain for Mr. Chamberlain's policy by placing the whole question on a new philosophical basis. He has an article in the January *Fortnightly Review* on "Herbert Spencer and the Dangers of Specialism."

## BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

"Poems of The New Century," by Robert S. Jenkins. Toronto: Wil-

liam Briggs. Cloth, 173 pp.  
Not remarkable.

"Sea Murmurs and Woodland Songs," by S. E. S. Faulkner. Toronto: William Briggs. Boards, 111 pages.

Fair, shading to poor.

"The Radiant Road," by Ethelwyn Wetherald. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Boards, 45 pp.

Good; worth while.

"Poems, Songs, Ballads," by Carroll Ryan. Montreal: John Lovell & Sons. Cloth, 223 pp.

A fair collection of average verse.

"Imperial Preferential Trade," from a Canadian Point of View, by Adam Shortt, M.A., Professor of Political Science, Queen's University. Toronto: Morang & Co. Paper, 62 pp.

A splendid presentation of the arguments against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, by Canada's leading economist.

"New Ontario," comments by members of the Canadian Press Excursion of 1903, with map. Welland: Sears & Sawle. Boards, 40 pp.

"A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," by Daniel William Harmon, with an account of the Indians living west of the Rocky Mountains. 1800-1819. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Reprint. Cloth, 382 pp., \$1.00.

"The Year Book of British Columbia" for 1903, compiled by R. E. Gosnell. Victoria, B.C. Cloth, 394 pp.  
A valuable compendium.

"The Studio." Vol. 30, No. 130. Jan. 15th. London, England.

A well-illustrated and well-written art publication.

"The Royal Postage Stamp Album" for Stamps of the British Empire. Chicago: The Colonial Stamp Co. Size 10 x 11, about 250 pp. Descriptions, but no illustrations.

Nothing better on the market.

"The McGill University Magazine." Vol. 3, No. 1. January, 1904. Montreal: A. T. Chapman. Price, 50 cents.





# IDLE MOMENTS

## DIPLOMACY

TALLEYRAND, like most diplomats, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on an ability to adjust his mode of address to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking. On one occasion, when a number of distinguished men were dining with him, he varied his formula, when inviting them to partake of beef, in such a manner as to suit the rank of the respective persons. "May I have the honour of sending your royal highness a little beef?" he asked a prince of the blood. To a duke he said: "Monseigneur, permit me to send you a little beef?" "Marquis," he continued, "may I send you some beef?" "Viscount, pray have a little beef." "Baron, do you take beef?" ran the next interrogation. "Monsieur, he said to an untitled gentleman, 'some beef?' To his secretary he remarked casually, 'Beef?' But there was one gentleman left who deserved even less consideration than the secretary, and Talleyrand, poising his knife in air, favoured him with a mere look of interrogation. If the guest was possessed of an independent spirit, one can imagine that he did not take beef that day.

## THE PROUD FATHER

Clara—Isn't that novelist a tiresome fellow?

Dora—I should say so! He is all the time repeating the bright things that the children of his brain say.

K. R.

## THE DISADVANTAGES OF THE SEASON

First Insect—Ugh! Buzz-buzz-zip-zip-br-r-r-zip!

Second Insect—What in the world is the matter with you?

First Insect—Ugh! Just bit into a man that is full of quinine! K. R.

## HAD HIS DAY

Publisher—We must drop Slinger's works.

Assistant—Why?

Publisher—He is losing his popularity. Nothing in imitation of his style has appeared in six months. K. R.

## A SHATTERED DREAM

She packed a hard snowball.

Thought I: "She will miss me,

And before I forgive her

I'll force her to kiss me."

"She loves me," I mused,

"And takes this way to show it"—

But a butcher's boy came,

And she bribed him to throw it!

M. T.

## A POLAR TRAGEDY

Though but a simple Esquimaux,

He loved a chubby maiden saux

He trudged through miles of ice and snaux

To get her answer—yes or naux.

His nose was pug, his brow was laux,

His mouth was large, his speech was slaux,

And yet he had a heart I traux,  
And love could make his being glaux.

She told him that he had no shaux  
And ordered him to Jericaux;  
He said, "Perhaps your love would graux  
Were you my wife." She bade him gaux.

He went, but it came on to blaux;  
He wandered blindly to and fraux;  
He got aboard a drifting flaux;  
The wild winds took the thing in tauux.

What happened him no man may knaux;  
The maiden hugs a secret waux;  
She never got another beaux;  
She is an old-maid Esquimaux.—*Selected.*

#### FAMILY RESEMBLANCE

It is related of a Parisian portrait painter that having painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed, "It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother," calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" cried the critic, in the greatest confusion; "you are right—I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely!"—*Selected.*

#### THE VIEW POINT

"Had a nice trip?"

"Ya'as, rather."

"Been doing the Continent?"

"Well, yes, if you like to put it that way, but when I look at my expense account it rather seems as if the Continent had been doing me."

—*Selected.*

#### PAT FROM TORONTO

General Hamilton reviewed the Canadian infantry one day in a small village for the purpose of telling them that they must stop their plundering, for which they were so notorious that they had earned the nickname of "The Thousand Thieves."

The column had just drawn up and was waiting for Hamilton to begin the review when a ragged rooster ran out from a hut and across the front of the line. A kind of shiver ran through the

volunteers. Suddenly a private left the ranks and took after the rooster.

"Halt!" shouted Hamilton.

The soldier ran on. He shortly overtook the rooster and turned back, wringing the neck of the fowl. As he passed the general he noted the fierce scowl on his face. The soldier was an Irish boy from Toronto, and not easily daunted, but this time he temporized. Throwing the defunct rooster at the general's feet, he said:

"There, now; I'll tache ye t' halt whin the ginerall says so!"—*New York Times.*

#### AUTOMOBILING

"You say you take automobile rides for the sake of exercise?"

"Certainly?"

"But where does the exercise come in?"

"Getting out to see what is the matter."—*Selected.*

#### WAR

Private Smith of the Royals; the veldt and a slate-black sky,  
Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a  
a prayer—half curse—to die.  
A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a  
half-choked cry.

Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;  
A hail of frost on a life half lost; despair and  
a grinding pain.  
And the drip-drip-drip of the Heavens to wash  
out the brand of Cain.

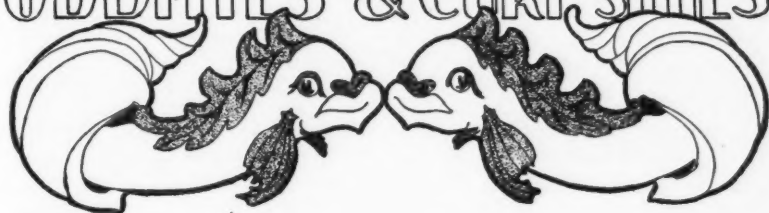
Private Smith of the Royals; self-sounding his funeral knell;  
A burning throat that each gasping note  
scrapes raw like a broken shell.  
A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like  
a patch of Hell.

Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;  
The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and  
over the hills away  
The blest Red Cross like an angel in the trail  
of the men who slay.

But Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue sky—  
The rose tinged morn like a babe new born  
and the sweet-songed birds on high—  
With a fleck of red on his pallid lip and a film  
of white on his eye.

—*Herbert Cadett, in London Daily Chronicle.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## BATTLESHIPS AND TORPEDOS

MODERN war vessels are usually divided into five classes:

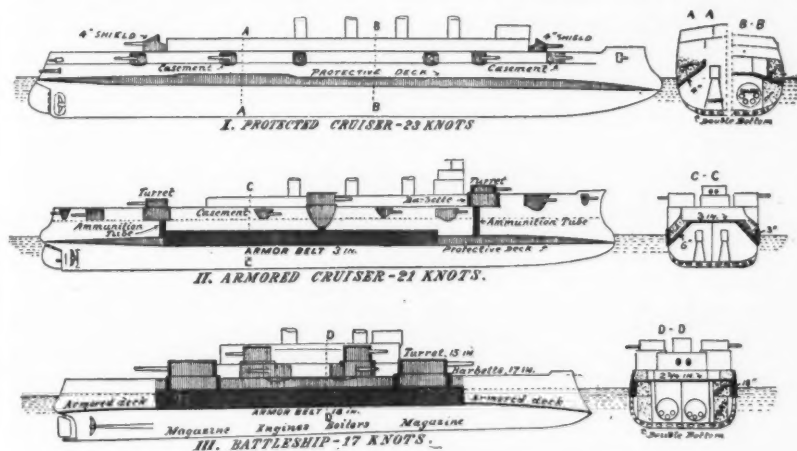
1. Battleships.
2. Cruisers.
3. Torpedo Gun Boats (Destroyers).
4. Torpedo Boats.
5. Auxiliaries.

The modern battleship is stoutly armoured, the plates running some distance below the waterline. The batteries are also heavily armoured, and the smaller batteries have lighter protecting plates (Fig. 1, III). These battleships are about 375 feet long and cost from three to five million dollars each. They are heavily armed.

The cruisers are auxiliary vessels. Some have steel decks and armoured sides, some have steel decks only. Only the former are of much service in a fierce engagement. (Fig. 1, I & II).

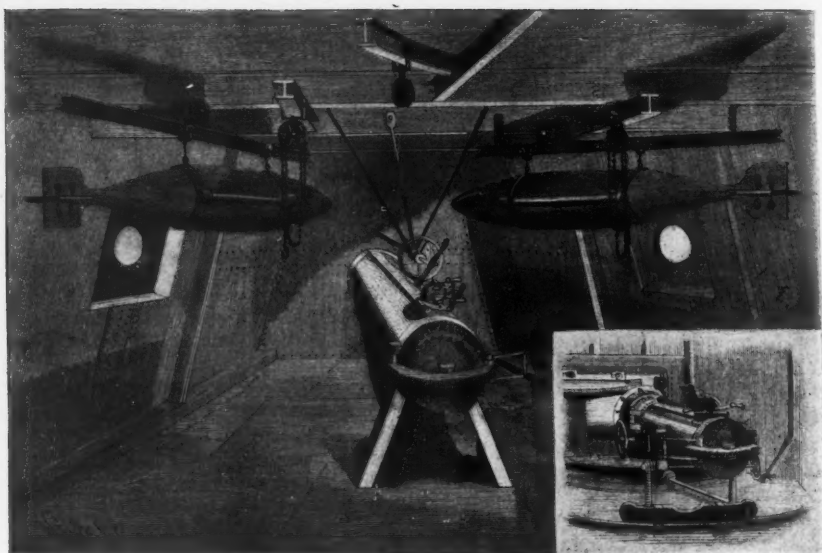
Torpedo gun boats or destroyers are light vessels, 180 to 220 feet long, and capable of travelling at the rate of 27 to 33 knots (30 to 38 miles). They possess great engine-power, and are armed usually with five or six quick-firing guns. They are intended for the offensive defence of a fleet, in that they are able to chase torpedo boats and keep them away from the slow-moving battleships and cruisers.

The smallest and most modern boat is the torpedo boat, which carries guns



COMPARATIVE ARMOUR PROTECTION IN MODERN WAR VESSELS

The Protected Cruiser (Fig. I) is a light vessel with a steel deck which protects the engines and boilers below. The Armoured Cruiser (Fig. II) has an additional side belt of armour at the waterline. The Battleship (Fig. III) has a side belt of armour about 18 inches thick instead of 3 or 4 inches as on the Protected Cruiser. In the diagrams, the armour is indicated by full black lines or shading, graded according to thickness.



A TORPEDO ROOM IN THE BOW OF A VESSEL

88 Two Torpedos are shown suspended from the ceiling. The breech-loading, launching tube, from which the torpedos are discharged, is seen in the centre. Another tube on a Swivel Platform, for discharging torpedos on a broadside or at an angle, is shown in the smaller diagram. See description.

especially constructed for the discharge of torpedos. The torpedo is a long, cigar-shaped, brass cylinder about 18 inches in diameter. To the butt end is attached a double rudder which guides the torpedo through the water, preventing it from rising, going down, or swerving from its course. Each torpedo contains from 100 to 200 pounds of gun cotton, which is exploded when the pointed end of the torpedo is driven back by contact with a solid body. The torpedos are discharged by compressed air and travel a few feet below the surface of the water at a rate of about 30 knots an hour. Most of them will run about 800 yards, driven by compressed air engines which work the screw propellers.

It is these torpedo boats which seem to have been so useful to the Japanese in their attack on the Russian war-vessels in Port Arthur harbour. Up to the present time there has been little evidence of their value. In 1891, during the Chilian civil war, the warship *Blanco* was sunk by a torpedo, six having been discharg-

ed at her. When examined afterwards, a hole fifteen feet long and seven feet broad was found in her hull. It was generally expected that the Japanese-Chinese war of 1895 would settle the question of the possibility of destroying moving ships by torpedos. No destruction by these occurred, so far as is known. The contest proved that armoured vessels are vastly superior to unarmoured vessels in the line of battle, but it left the question of the utility of torpedos to be decided by other contestants. The Spanish-American war had a similar result, but added testimony to the value of long-range guns, good ammunition and trained gunners.

The present struggle between Japan and Russia will contribute something to the world's knowledge concerning the value of each class of war ships. The first victory has fallen to the torpedo boat, though this was probably as much due to carelessness on the part of the Russians as to daring on the part of the Japanese. The accompanying illustrations will be found instructive.



## CANADA

### FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



#### BONUS NEWS



Has recently been announced from Ottawa that the Hon. Mr. Fielding has arranged to introduce several new Bonus Bills this session. The First will be known as

##### THE TROUSERS BILL

It having been pointed out by the makers of Canadian trousers that, in order to preserve this infant industry, a bonus is necessary, Mr. Fielding proposes to grant a bonus of 10 cents per pair, provided the trousers are for home consumption and are not made from old cloth. This latter provision has been strenuously opposed by the Toronto Trades and Labour Council, who point out that all mothers in the Unions find it necessary to make trousers for their small boys out of old skirts and other large tweed garments. But Mr. Fielding refuses to budge from the position he has first assumed.

The Second will be known as

##### THE BARGAIN BOOT BILL

On the application of Eatons, Simpsons, Carsleys, Morgans and other noted dealers in bargain boots, Mr. Fielding will grant a bonus on the production of these of nineteen cents per pair, provided that these boots shall not be composed of more than 50% cardboard, or more than 40% straw-board. This latter condition is inserted in the Bill because Mr. Fielding is providing for the cardboard and straw-board industries in one of the twenty-

five special Bonus Bills to be introduced in 1909.

It was announced from Ottawa on January 22nd that under the provisions of an act introduced by Mr. Fielding last session, there would henceforth be paid on rolled round wire rods a bonus of

##### SIX DOLLARS PER TON

On rolled angle ties, joists, girders and other rolled shapes of iron, the bounty shall be

##### THREE DOLLARS PER TON

What joy will reign in the camp of those who hold the bonds and preferred stock of the Sydney Iron and Steel Company—that beautiful infant industry which is such a credit to Canada! Every breath the company draws is now bonused.

But Mr. Fielding will go farther. In order to help a certain Senator and other persons, he has ordered that selected life insurance companies and banks shall get what is to be known as a

##### BONUS ON CLERKS

It is pointed out that clerks and office-boys are an infant industry which requires consideration at the hands of a parental government.

Other bonus bills will be introduced later:

- Pig and Pork Bonus Bill.
- Sausage Bonus Bill (special).
- Doukhobor Infant Bonus Bill.
- Three-legged Calf Bonus Bill.
- Shoe-polishers' Bonus Bill.



Manicurists' Bonus Bill.  
 Moose-hunters' Bonus Bill.  
 Bass Fishers' Bonus Bill.  
 Drain Diggers' Bonus Bill.  
 Foundling Homes' Bonus Bill.  
 Parish Church Bonus Bill.  
 Etc., Etc., Etc.

The public will be kept posted concerning Mr. Fielding's new method of making us rich by showing us how to lift ourselves by pulling at our own shoe-lugs.  
*Buncombe.*

#### CONTINUED PROSPERITY

For the six months ending December 31st, 1903, Canada showed continued prosperity so far as trade and revenue are indications. There was a slight falling off in domestic exports amounting to about two million dollars, believed to be due to the fact that farmers are holding their wheat and cattle for higher prices. There was also a falling off in forest and fisheries products. On the other hand imports increased about eighteen million dollars. The comparison, in detail, is as follows:

IMPORTS, SIX MONTHS			
	1902	1903	
Dutiable goods...	\$64,582,101	\$74,389,955	
Free goods .....	38,619,513	47,142,053	
Totals.....	\$103,201,614	\$121,532,008	
Duty collected....	\$17,814,116	\$20,472,143	

DOMESTIC EXPORTS, SIX MONTHS			
Products, mine....	\$18,418,617	\$20,525,150	
Products, fisheries.	6,889,775	6,007,290	
Products, forest ..	23,607,946	22,008,379	
Animals and produce.....	45,178,795	42,496,368	
Agriculture .....	21,516,806	21,842,592	
Manufactures .....	9,634,070	10,088,305	
Miscellaneous.....	55,457	15,870	
Totals .....	\$125,301,466	\$122,983,954	

In consequence of this great increase in imports, the Dominion revenue increased about two millions, while in other departments there were similar increases. The total ordinary revenue was thirty-five millions. As the ordinary expenditure was twenty-one million and the capital expenditure four

million, there was a net profit for the six months of ten millions. This is a huge amount to be available for a reduction of the public debt which was decreased by more than that amount in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1903. It is well that the debt should be growing less at a time when Canada is entering on a huge expenditure for a new transcontinental railway.

#### NO MONOPOLY

A gentleman told us the other day that some time ago, in passing through one of the railway stations in North Dakota, U.S., he observed a notice, having on it in large letters, "Don't go to Canada. Stop in God's own country." That is very funny, as well as very significant. It is significant because it shows that the immigration to Canada from the Western States is so large as not only to attract much attention, but to cause much anxiety and occasion considerable effort, of which the notice in question is only a single instance, to head it off. But we judge that, despite the notice, a good many will continue to believe and to show their faith by their works that "God's own country" is not situate on the south side of the international boundary line. So far as we know, Canada has as good, if not a better right, to the title.—*Christian Guardian.*

#### INCREASE IN POSTAGE

It is understood that the Postal Convention of 1875 between Canada and the United States will soon be abrogated and the rates of the Universal Postal Union will then prevail. It will then cost five cents to send a letter from any point in Canada to any point in the United States—the same rate as is now paid on letters to France, Germany and other foreign countries. Postcards will cost two cents and periodicals eight cents a pound. The movement is intended to shut out the cheap literature of the United States.





### THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

From a Painting by Peter Paul Rubens, now in the Cathedral at Antwerp. The anguished Virgin to the left, the kneeling Marys, the sympathetic Disciples, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea, form varying contrasts with the inert body of the Saviour. "Resplendent in colouring and masterly in grouping." Painted about 1614.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE